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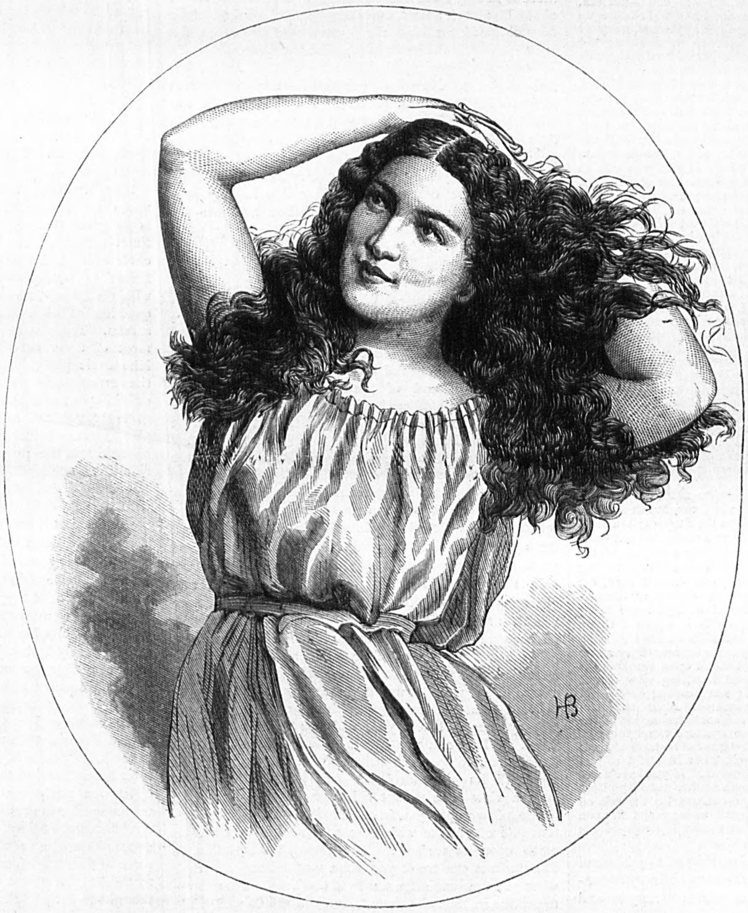


MISS ISABEL BATEMAN.

PICTURES
ON
ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

THE GREAT WESTERN.

The Natural Bridge at St. Columb.

On page 56 will be found our picture of the Natural Bridge at St. Columb, which had to be withdrawn from publication last week in consequence of an accident to the block during the printing of the early sheets of the paper. We quoted so largely, in our last impression, from descriptions of the scenery in Watergate Bay and in the immediate vicinity of St. Columb, that we need hardly do more to-day than refer our readers to last week's paper in reference to this engraving. A correspondent has, however, sent us an interesting description of a visit to St. Columb and its neighbourhood, and, at the risk of travelling to some extent over the same ground we gossiped about last week, we will give a quotation from the letter by way of immediate accompaniment to our artist's sketch. The writer is Mr. James Creasey, of Manchester. The letter was originally addressed to a friend:—

> I have just returned from a visit to one of the most wildly romantic spots I have ever seen. During a short stay with a dear friend at Newquay, on the north coast of Cornwall, he drove me, in company with another gentleman, to a part of the coast called Bedruthan Steppes. The drive itself was most exhilarating, over the heights looking down upon the Bay of Newquay on one side, and the noise of the roaring, restless Fistral behind us, with headland succeeding headland away to the northward, the indented shores between each forming vast amphitheatres, clothed with herbage three parts of their height, and then breaking away into peaked and craggy ridges of rock, some of them running far out to sea, with the "wild waves" breaking over their pointed heads and rugged sides. Then turn your eyes far away over the mighty Atlantic, dotted here and there with vessels in full sail and of divers sizes, from the fisherman's yawl to the clipper-built, three-masted American, going past the "Quoys" and Trevose Head light-house up channel to Bristol, &c. Then losing sight of the sea, away we go trotting briskly down one hill, and toiling slowly up the "difficult ascent" of another, along the parish road fringed on either side with flowering heath and furze-bushes in full bloom, and behind these hedged in with nut-trees, bramble-bushes, several kinds of fern, foxglove, wild strawberries, &c., growing out of and covering the earthen bank which formed the original hedge. After travelling pleasantly along for about an hour, with the soft summer breeze fanning our cheeks, we reach the lovely and picturesque vale of Lanherne, in the bottom and on the slope of which nestles the little village of Mawgan, with its nunnery, Roman Catholic chapel, and Protestant church. In the chapel the principal object of interest is a very remarkable picture of the agony of Our Lord in the garden. I might have called it an object of painful interest, for the artist has seemingly left out none of the agonising details of the scene. In front of the nunnery are fine groves of elms, forming the nave and aisles of a natural temple, such as the old Goths used to worship in. An excellent trout stream runs through the glen, and close by its bank stands the village hotel, at which we called for refreshment, and in which upon our return we were charmed by the fine singing of "mine host" and his daughter. Leaving the glen, we journey onward, and soon find the road ascending continuously, and the face of the country changing from the well-cultivated tracts, with its scattered homesteads and small hamlets, presenting the usual appearance of an agricultural district, which had stretched for miles beneath us until now, to a wild patch of broken moorland, chiefly covered with furze, heath, and wild thyme. We left our trap at a lone farmhouse some few hundred yards from the edge of the cliffs, and, crossing some fields, found ourselves on the "bluff" which forms the southern point of the amphitheatre in which stand the "Steppes." Here we spread our cloth and dined, not in the least sparing the good things we had brought with us. Three hundred or more feet below us lay the beautiful sandy beach smooth and firm, with the rocks, five in number, four of which graduate in size, and form the Steppes; the other is called the Queen Elizabeth rock, from a resemblance it bears to the bust and train of that extraordinary daughter of the Tudors. The Steppes are in a line with each other, at varying distances; the lowest of them about 70 or 80 feet high, the highest perhaps 150 feet. One of them is called the "Samaritan," from the circumstance of a vessel of that name being wrecked on it some fifteen years ago. It is supposed that a large portion of her wreck still lies buried in the sand between the rock and mainland. After dinner we descended by a safe path down the side of the cliff, and found upon reaching the shore by far the grandest and most imposing view of the Steppes and surrounding cliffs, &c.; but I cannot describe it. Here are wild and grotesque-looking caverns. A vast and overhanging arch formed by the fierce and continued action of the mighty breakers wearing an immense aperture through one of the isolated rocks. Other rocks in all manner of fantastic shapes; some covered with millions of mussels, and a beautiful bottom of firm yellow sand surrounding them all. If you have a few days to spare, and want a change from all other watering places you have ever visited, make your head-quarters St. Columb, on every side of which is something worth seeing; and if, upon your return, you don't say you have thoroughly enjoyed the "out," write me henceforth an "ignoramus."

Our readers must take the engraving of the Natural Bridge as a mere specimen of the extraordinary formations which go to make up the grand scenery in and about the vicinity of St. Columb. Our picture is at once a charming and a faithful representation of the remarkable scene which engaged the pencil of our artist.

Up the Tamar.

A few weeks ago we endeavoured to convey some notion of the enjoyment that might be anticipated by the lover of the picturesque who should be prevailed upon to perform the trip up or down the River Dart, between Dartmouth and Totnes. There is only one other trip in the West to be compared with this excursion, and that is a run up and down the Tamar.

You start from Plymouth. If you like plenty of company of a merry and demonstrative character, take a place on board a steamboat on the occasion of one of the very frequent excursions which you will find advertised in the Plymouth newspapers. If, on the other hand, you are pensive and retiring, and prefer to do your explorations alone, or in the select company of a friend or two, hire a pleasure-boat, and get yourself rowed to Weir Head and back. Doing it by the latter method, you must give a good long day to it; but the steamboat usually starts early in the afternoon, studying at once the tide and the moon's age, so as to return to Plymouth by moonlight.

Opinions, or rather tastes, differ as to the respective claims of the Dart and the Tamar on the score of picturesqueness. We, for our parts, give the palm to the Tamar. The Dart is quiet of aspect. The scenery is soft, gentle, dream-like, lovely as a lake-locked garden in fairyland. The Tamar misses none of the sweetness of the Dart; for there are places where green and densely wooded parks slope gently down to the water's edge, just as at many a spot on the shores of the navigable part of the Dart; but this soft beauty is, in the case of the Tamar, varied again and again by mighty cliffs and mountainous hills. The Dart is beautiful only; the Tamar is beautiful and grand. One might say that, for this reason, the verdict must go in favour of the Tamar; but judgments in matters of taste do not follow logical laws. There are people whose delight in fair scenery of the quiet sort is so great that they do not want it changed. They would rather have twenty miles of it than ten miles of pure loveliness and the next ten of sublimity. To them one of the giant, rifted headlands which hang frowning over the waters of the Tamar would be an intrusion upon the sweet scenery that adorns both sides of the Dart along every yard of the steamboat journey.

The grandeur of the Tamar scenery does not commence at the outset of your row from Plymouth; but there is beauty from the beginning. The waters round about Plymouth Sound are everywhere charming. The disposition of the land, the formation of the shore, the noble elevation of Mount Edgcumbe, the famous Drake's Island—like one of Mr. Beverley's enchanted isles, painted for a Christmas pantomine—are all without alloy as features in a picture. As soon as you are afloat, you abandon yourself to the refined sensuousness that steals over you. It is very hard to convince yourself that you are not under the influence of a slight delusion. Everything is *couleur de rose*, and you fancy that you have come out to enjoy this holiday in a specially favourable state of mind. You attribute the feeling, perhaps, to having had a particularly good night's rest, or to the excellent choice of dishes you made at breakfast—but it is all a mistake. Give Plymouth Sound and its surroundings the credit for all the enjoyment of the hour. We have tried the excursion under different conditions and circumstances, and we have satisfied ourselves that the phenomena of enjoyment come from an objective and not from a subjective cause. The influence of water and atmosphere, island and mainland, and of the delightful spectacle of mercantile and naval craft afloat, is peculiar to Plymouth Sound—or peculiar, rather, to the sea that flows close around South Devon.

It would take us a long time to describe in detail the features of the excursion up the River Tamar. We will content ourselves with general terms. Unlike many rivers, this one is not narrow at the mouth. It flows quietly, by a wide estuary, into the Sound. You are not far up the stream, however, before it widens, and presently you appear to be enclosed in a lake. On every side the shore is richly green, finely wooded, and charmingly undulated. The colours upon the hills are bright, and the houses and buildings are always picturesque from the distance. The Hamoaze is a noble sheet of water, four miles across, measured from Mount Edgcumbe on the one side to Saltash on the other. You pass many tempting creeks and wide tongues of water, tempting exploration; but you have journey enough before you, and you resist the allurement. Where can you obtain so fine a view of Saltash Bridge as here upon the waters of the Tamar, while you approach its giant arches? And where will you get such a view of a quaint old town as that of Saltash looking down upon you from the terraces of that acclivitous pile of granite with only a thin skin of common earth upon its surface? The greatest temptation to deviate from the track you have marked out will occur when you approach the mouth of the Tavy. There is no deception in that allurement, and you will do well, while you resist the suggestion at the moment, to place on record a resolve at some future day to explore the Tavy. Mr. Murray gives by name the features of the journey as you proceed up the Tamar from this point, and for the matters of fact we will quote him:—

> On the left bank the Tavy joins the stream amid the woods of Warleigh, and a distinct view of Dartmoor—particularly of Mis Tor—enhances the beauty of the neighbouring shore. On the right bank is the church of Landulph, standing at the mouth of a creek, which is overhung by the trees of Moditonham, a house in which the Commissioners of the Prince of Orange treated with the Earl of Bath for the surrender of the Castles of Pendennis and of Plymouth. The voyager now reaches a sharp turn of the river, and upon rounding the corner at the village of Hall's Hole (famous for cherries), suddenly beholds Pentillie Castle and its crescent of wooded hills. Through scenery of this description the boat glides onward, passing the village of Beer Alston—once a borough, disfranchised by the Reform Bill—to Cothele, where it will be necessary to disembark, and foot it to the old mansion of the Lords of Mount Edgcumbe. The river scene is delightful; the limpid water is margined by rocks, and clearly reflects the green forests overhead, while at a bend in the stream the wood recedes into the glen of Danescombe, which is so called from a tradition that the Danes landed in it previous to their defeat on Hingston Down, by Egbert, in the year 835. Above Cothele is the village of Calstock; behind that place a wooded crescent skirts the river, which, winding round the demesne of Harewood House, so lingers in the vicinity of Calstock, that the best course is to proceed through the grounds of Harewood and meet the boat at the ferry opposite Morwellham. Here there is an inn, to which you can return after continuing the voyage to the Weir Head; but this should be done, as above Morwellham the river is girt on either bank by elevated hills, which on the left shore are faced by superb crags called the Morwell Rocks. These will excite the admiration of the beholder, rising in shaggy pinnacles to an immense height. From Morwellham you should walk up the inclined plane of the Tavistock Canal to the summit of the rocks.

And what a journey it is back, in the cool of the evening, in the mellow charm of twilight, and when the moon begins to rise above the placid waters! So long as you can see, you take note of the different aspects worn by these landward pictures looked at now from a descending point of view. The formation of the hills and their relations to the vales seem changed. They have quite another method of overlapping each other, and of opening up and revealing peeps of inland country. And by and by you have enough to do to study the reflection of the moon in the water, to watch the illumined mists, to note the colours lingering over the spot where the sun went down, and to dream that your lot is cast for the time in a land of enchantment.

The Rood Screen.

It is interesting to a tourist, sometimes, to be made acquainted with subjects of local controversy, with regard to which he may be able, during his visit, to form an opinion for himself. Such a subject is that connected with the great screen which separates the nave from the choir of Exeter Cathedral. Practically, the screen, which is of stout, solid masonry, stretches from side to side of the building. It has an arched doorway in the centre, giving access from the nave to the choir, and there are two side entrances to the corridors which flank the choir. The upper part of the screen supports the organ.

Now, Exeter Cathedral is to undergo most extensive and costly restorations. The work considered needful is so great that only a portion can be undertaken at a time. That which is now being done refers to the choir only, and the cost of that portion will be from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds. Meanwhile, the whole scheme is under consideration, including the question of what shall be done with respect to the screen. There is a body of clergymen and gentlemen, most of them associated with the High Church, or Ritualistic party, who contend quite vehemently that the screen ought either to come down or to be pierced or laid open, so that the chancel may be clearly visible quite through the building, from east to west, and that all services, whether held in the choir or the nave, may be held "in the presence of the altar." On the other side it is contended that the screen is in itself an object of archæological interest which ought not to be interfered with, and the defenders of the screen make much of the argument that if the screen were taken away, or however it might be dealt with, it would not be possible in the nave to hear preaching from the pulpit in the choir—such is the size and such the construction of the interior. This question, it appears, was much discussed before any plans were determined on, until the Dean and Chapter resolved to call in Mr. Gilbert Scott, and to be ruled entirely by his judgment. Mr. Scott produced a plan providing for letting the screen alone, and hence the many learned debates in the city and in the diocese. During the controversy quite a long correspondence took place between Mr. Gilbert Scott and the Ven. Archdeacon Freeman, the whole of the letters being published in the local journals. The Dean and Chapter adhere to their determination to be guided by Mr. Scott, but the opposition party are not satisfied. Foremost in the movement for the removal of the screen is the Diocesan Architectural Society, at whose meetings several learned papers have been read on the subject. Within the last three or four weeks, we believe, the discovery has been made that the screen is not quite so old as it has been thought to be. We hope our readers who are "doing" the West will examine the screen by the light of these facts, and endeavour to discover on which side is the best of the argument.

The clear profits of Mr. Sothern's farewell night at the Haymarket amounted to no less than £204, the whole of which was remitted to the General Theatrical Fund.

There is a rumour that in the event of the retirement of Colonel Sykes, M.P., from the representation of Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone, who was "greatly delighted" with the reception he lately received in that city, would be asked to come forward as a candidate at the next election.

The Khedive of Egypt is said to have a fortune of 300,000,000 dollars.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

Romance in the Streets.

There is a great deal of sentiment, and a large share of genuine good feeling, in a London crowd. We wish the man who has formed an unfavourable opinion of our metropolitan population in the mass could have been a witness among the throngs that waited so patiently on Saturday for the coming of the funeral procession of poor Ford the fireman. The witness might have gone in and out of the crowd at any point; he might have watched the faces, the manner, and the tone of the people of whatever class—artisans, labourers, Bohemians, roughs, and women and girls of almost all degrees—and he would have observed everywhere that the hearts of the lookers-on were touched a little and softened. The talking was half-subdued. The crowding for places was qualified by a sense of the nature of the occasion. The police had less trouble than usual to enforce the necessary regulations and to keep a way for the procession.

There was almost breathless quiet along the lines of spectators as the *cortége* moved down Holborn and along Cheapside. It was a sight to work great good on the mind of the populace. This victim of his own daring and unselfish courage was a man in a humble station: and he was buried with great honour. Everything was done befitting such a funeral. Nothing was spared that could add impressiveness. More splendour would have been of course possible, but the dead body of the hero of a campaign could not have been carried through the streets of London in a manner more suggestive of the great deeds he had done or of the nature of the service he had rendered to the living. It could not be said the spectacle was thus or thus because the hero was a poor man. Any Englishman, of whatever degree, might think it a proud thing that so much honour should befall him in death if it were his fate to lose his life in the attempt to perform a deed of charity and heroism. So the funeral, and its solemnities, and the feeling of the multitude, formed such a lesson of the levelling of social distinctions in the face of a noble action as does not often fall under common observation. Those who think it necessary to observe very strictly the line of social distinction should have been there to make a study of the event and of its effects upon those who filled the streets. It so often happens that the poor have to reflect that there is not much for them of the gifts or the honours of life: and the reflection does not improve them. In this case one could detect a difference for once in their way of looking at life. The humble seemed for the time to be really made partakers in that consideration which does not often fall to their share: and it did them good. We hope these things will not be forgotten, and that a habit will grow up, from this precedent, of making much in public of the notable deeds of those whose fate it is to occupy places in the lower grades of society.

It was affecting to watch the people, who had gathered together to see this procession pass, fall into knots and groups when it was gone and tell what they had heard or read of the history of the hero. Great was the greed to catch the smallest scrap of information. Fortunate was the listener who could add the most insignificant incident, real or fictitious, to his stock. No wonder these poor people love romance, and purchase cheap literature in fabulous quantities. They are full of sentiment, and in the keenest degree sensitive to any thought that is touching, heroic, self-sacrificing, or in any genuine or ungenuine way dramatic. The novel-writer, wanting to catch the ear of the million, should study his audience on such days as these, and carry the inspiration home with him.

"Will o' the Wisp."

Since we set down in this column a few critical observations and reflections upon the dramatic talent displayed by Miss Isabel Bateman in her first appearance on the stage, in the character of *Fanchette*, our artist has made a sketch of the youthful actress, enabling us on our front page to present our readers with the young lady's portrait, in one of her favourite attitudes as *Will o' the Wisp*. It is in these little bits of naive posture-making that she excels. Her pose is at once picturesque, fanciful, and natural. It goes to the making of the character. The actress is so young that, seeing that this is her first personation in public, we are apt to look upon her *Fanchette* as very much herself, and to expect never to see the last of the "Will o' the Wisp" so long as Miss Isabel appears on the boards. In this, no doubt, injustice is done. We must give her all credit for the study she has made of the character, and wait till we see her in some other *rôle* before we venture to limit her range.

The last nights of "Fanchette" at the Lyceum are announced. The piece has had a good run in town, and Mr. Bateman will, we believe, soon proceed on a provincial circuit with his daughter, his play, and his company. The great towns have, time after time, given *the* Miss Bateman a most gratifying reception, and we have no doubt they will look very favourably on her younger sister, who has made so promising a beginning on the boards.

Guardians of the Poor.

The great refreshment question was magnanimously settled a few days ago by the Holborn Board of Guardians. These gentlemen have been in the habit of partaking of refreshments at the expense of the ratepayers during the transaction of public business, and some little scandal and a good deal of controversy have arisen in consequence. In order to meet the views of many of the Guardians, and to put the question to the test and see what the Local Government Board would allow, the Clerk drew up a scale of refreshments and submitted it at the last meeting of the Guardians, preliminary to its being forwarded to the Government Board. We transcribe the proposal from a report in the *St. Pancras and Holborn Journal*:—

> The Clerk informed the Board, that he had drawn up a scale by which he hoped to put on a proper footing for the future the much vexed question of allowances to the guardians for their travelling expenses and refreshments, whilst upon parish business. If they agreed to this scale, he would then write to the Poor Law Board for their sanction to it. He proposed for the Visiting Committee that met on Mondays at St. Luke's, and which was often engaged from five to six hours from two o'clock, a plain tea at 9d. per head. (Laughter. "It won't last." "Go on, go on.") On Tuesday for the committee at Clerkenwell, for out-relief and visiting purposes, which was engaged about the same time, a tea on the same scale. ("Yes, and bring your own shrimps." "Why you can get a good tea at Greenwich for that." Laughter.) On Wednesday, when the whole Board meet, and when they sat, as he had known them to do, from four until sometimes ten and half-past ten, that the tea should be provided at the same rate. ("When is the sixpenny day?") On Thursday, when it was the duty of the school committee to attend at Mitcham, where attendance for the greater part of the day was required from twelve of the guardians, a travelling allowance of 1s. 6d. each, and 3s. 6d. for dinner and tea. When the committee went to Highgate, where they were engaged from three to eight, the members should be allowed 1s. for their omnibus hire, and 6d. a piece for tea, which they could not call too much. ("Make it ninepence, do.") On Fridays for the Building Committee a tea upon the same scale. If they adopted this code it might be the means of settling a very unpleasant piece of business.

At first the scheme seemed to meet with general approval, but the dissentients in the end got the upper hand. In the course of the discussion some amusing opinions were expressed. Mr. Mence was certain that a good plain tea could be provided at sixpence each: "If any guardian required luxuries, let him pay for them himself." Mr. Sandland, however, took up his position on the following sentiment, which met with some approval:—"Let every man stand on his own bottom, and pay for what he had." Mr. Berry was terse, and very much to the point. He said, "If we had less feeding we should have less talking," whereupon Mr. Mence interposed, and said, "At Clerkenwell, yesterday, not a soul came because there was no feeding." Mr. Franklin was wholly opposed to the system of charging for refreshments. He thought that it was quite enough to charge for travelling expenses, and he proposed that there should be an allowance of four shillings each when the Guardians went to Mitcham, and one shilling when they went to Highgate. This was the resolution which was finally agreed to, after Mr. Adams had spoken of the sixpenny and ninepenny charges for tea as paltry, Mr. Culton had said he would feel degraded at taking the pittance, and the Chairman had given it as his opinion that it would be much more dignified to ask for nothing than for sixpenny and ninepenny teas.

By these little bits of discussion at a meeting of a London Board of Guardians, our readers who meet in country Union Houses, to transact Poor Law business, will learn that the office of a Guardian of the Poor is at least as honourable and dignified in the country as it is in the metropolis.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Make the very most of the country just now. The game is very nearly at an end for the year, except to the sportsman, to whom the winter is the season of seasons. London has got to look very much like winter, in spite of the exceptional pleasantness of the October weather; for the leaves are nearly all off the trees in the parks, and the country outside the suburbs looks cold. But the real English country far away does not yet wear the garb and aspect of winter. Those whose good fortune it is to enjoy a long holiday, extending down to these late October days, find plenty of enjoyment in field and wood, by seaside and stream. The nuts are not all off yet; and the orchard trees are still heavy with apples. The markets continue to tell a good story of the fruitfulness of the times, very unlike that which we shall hear by and by, in December and January. A really favourable October we regard as a pleasant month for ruralising. The days are short, but while they last they are charming, and the dew upon the grass in the morning is not altogether disagreeable. What good fun it is, too, to take a run across the meadows before breakfast and look for mushrooms! There is a peculiar gratification in finding a fine mushroom. You spy the speck of white in the grass a long way off, and you make for it by perilous ways "as the crow flies," keeping your eye upon the goal, now doubting whether your vision has not deceived you, and now convincing yourself that it is a veritable edible, and one that will be a credit to its adventurous discoverer. It is not, perhaps, worth much money when you have got it; but it is a prize of the chase, and you value it as much almost as if it were a pheasant you had captured. And then, does it not add a fine zest to the rural breakfast?

These delights of rusticity may not seem very great to those who are in constant possession; but they form nice reminiscences and very flattering day-dreams to the poor fellows shut up in towns and cities.

The Dickens Memorial.

We noticed last week the project for erecting a monument to Charles Dickens at Portsmouth, his birthplace. An appeal has been made to the people of Portsmouth in particular, and to the admirers of the great novelist all over the country, to subscribe. The subject has called forth a leading article in the *Daily Telegraph*, in the *D. T.'s* well-known style upon domestic topics, and here is a portion of the comment of the *Hampshire Telegraph* upon the literary work of our famous London morning contemporary:—

> On Thursday the *Daily Telegraph* came out with a gushing leader—full of small capitals and dashes—on the proposed memorial to Charles Dickens. It is something to be able to say in favour of an article from this source that the writer does not entirely forget to mention the subject which he is supposed to discuss. He does, indeed, talk about Pericles, "fat angels," Raphael, Shakespeare, Christopher Wren, and other notables. This is for the purpose of displaying his general learning, but he soon after mentions the names of nearly all the characters to be found in the works of Dickens by way of showing his special qualifications for speaking on the subject of the memorial. The advertisement which the Mayor and the committee have caused to be inserted in the newspapers has aroused the critic's astonishment and impatience. "A memorial to Charles Dickens!" he exclaims. "Who on earth—who, at any rate, upon English earth—needs any memorial of *him?* Memorials are tokens, effigies, monuments, or institutions contrived to keep alive the recollection of a dead man, which otherwise might be lost," &c. Then follows more hysterical writing to the same effect, which need not be quoted here. It is quite true that Dickens does not need a monument to keep his countrymen in remembrance of him; at the same time the people of Portsmouth may be pardoned for feeling proud of their townsman, and for being laudably anxious that the world should know, not that he was a great novelist, but that he first drew breath amongst them—a fact which very few of his countless readers are aware of. The question is not whether the Master requires any recognition at the hands of his admirers, but whether the latter should not acknowledge in some graceful and unobtrusive manner the great debt of gratitude which they owe him. Besides, we take exception to the stupid notion that because great men need no monuments to perpetuate their fame, the chisel of the sculptor should be devoted to the consecration of dunces.

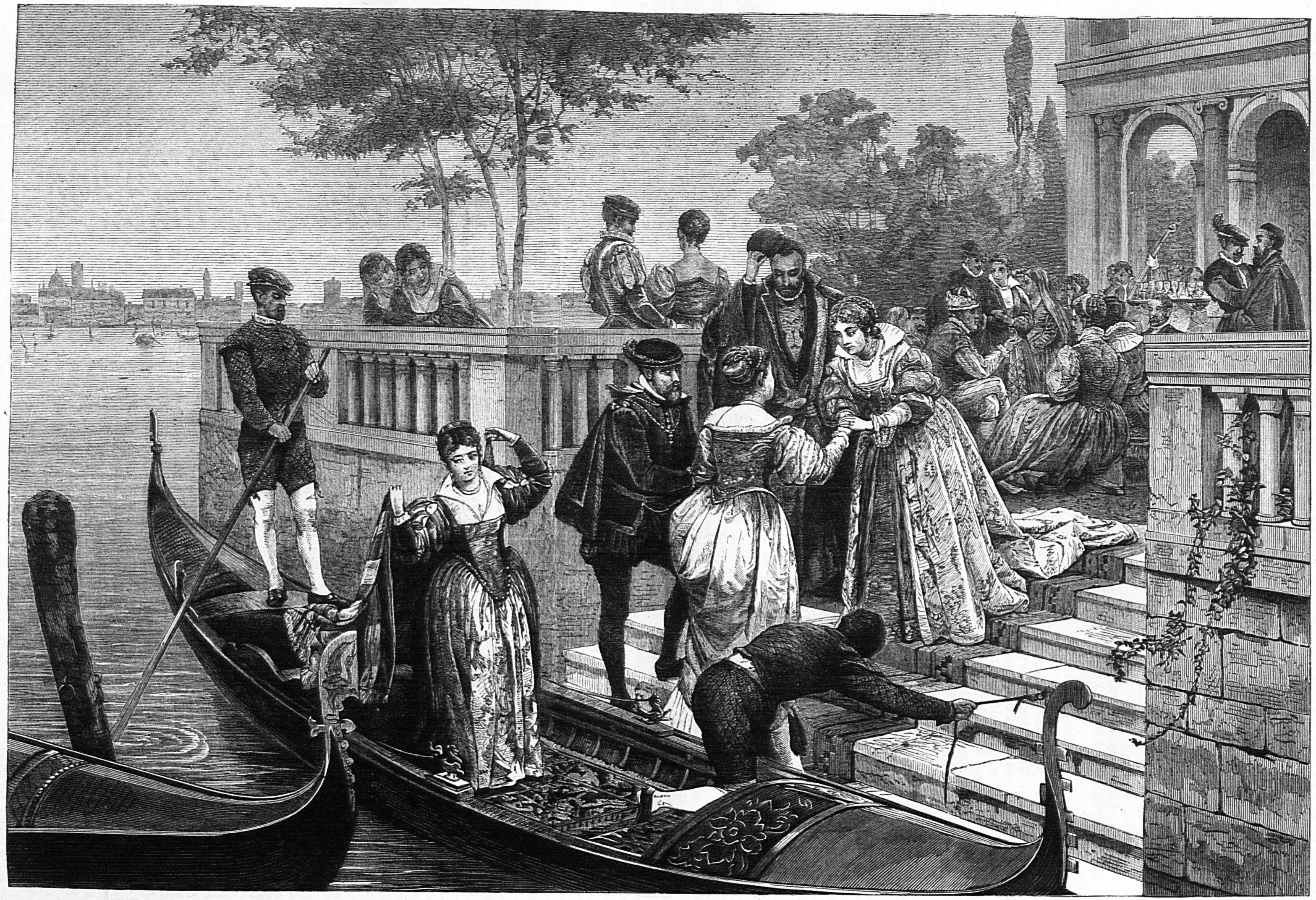
No doubt there is much good sense in the remarks of our Hampshire contemporary, and we hope a noble monument will be raised in Portsmouth to the memory of the most popular and best appreciated man of letters of our time. But we cannot help deprecating the notion that is canvassed in Portsmouth, of raising a sum of money in honour of Dickens and then spending it in the establishment of some institution for the benefit or profit of somebody or other. Institutions are excellent things as a general rule, but let us do one thing at a time. Where a great man, whom the country loves to honour, was born, there should be a conspicuous monument—a work of sculpture appealing to all eyes—to remind the people at home of the man who was born in the midst of them, and to waken up the recollection of strangers to the fact that they are in the place which gave the hero birth. There is no reason to fear that Dickens should be forgotten; but we shall not all bear in mind where he first saw the light, and it will be strange if the people of Portsmouth do not take some step to cause the fact to be patent to the eyes of those whom business or pleasure carries to that great Hampshire seaport.

Tailoring for the Master.

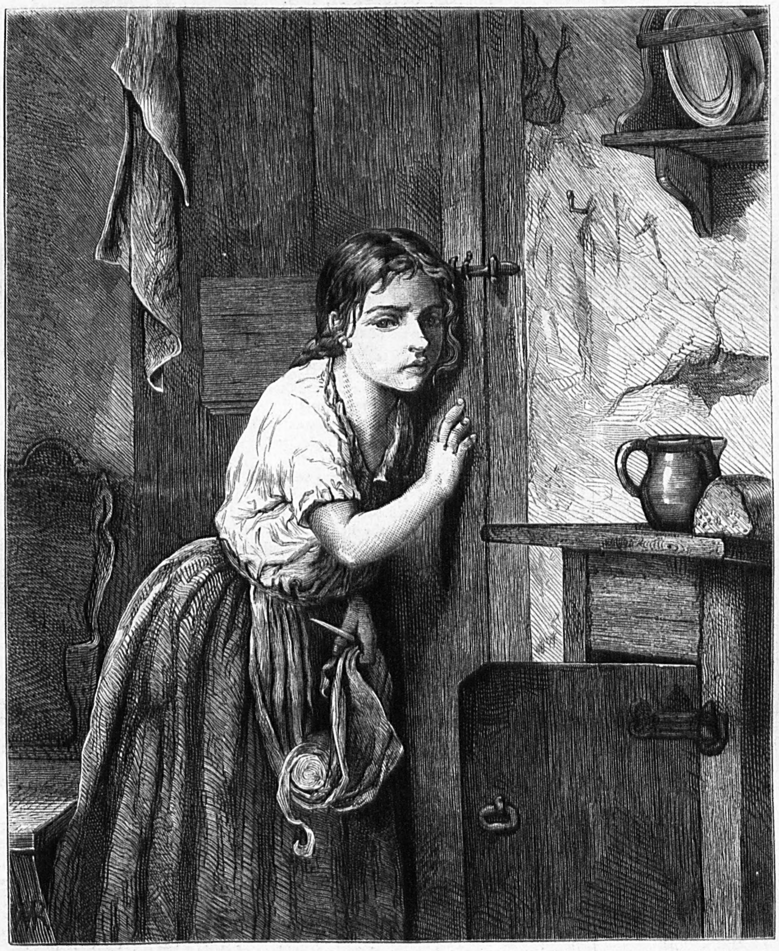
Curious and amusing proceedings have taken place within the last few days before the Nantwich Board of Guardians, concerning a charge made against the Master of the Workhouse by an inmate named Lockett, a tailor. The allegation amounted to this:—That Lockett occasionally made clothes for the master and his family as well as for the paupers, and that in some of those cases the master had given him materials to use taken from the general stock, belonging to the guardians and intended to be used only for the paupers. The master's name is Scales. In the course of the inquiry, which was presided over by Mr. Doyle, Poor Law Inspector, Mr. Doyle asked Lockett whether he was at work, and where, when he (Mr. Doyle) inspected the workhouse in March. This is Lockett's answer:—

> Lockett: I was locked up in a room when you passed, sir. When I was making this overcoat for Mr. Scales, I was taken up in the highest room in the house. That is over Tatton's lodge. It was a bedroom. And when I was making this coat somebody came creeping along on tiptoe and opened the door very gingerly. I had my back to the door. I turned round, and I saw then it was Miss Scales. She said, "Tailor, you please to lock yourself in; papa does not wish the inspector to see you." I said, "Oh, yes." I got up and locked the door, and she went very lightly away. I sat myself down, not knowing what to do. But there was an excuse ready. I covered up the coat in a minute and under the table with it. Very well, then I got the carpet and dragged that up on my knee, in order that if you happened to hear—but you could not, because I sat as still as a mouse. I heard you come past, and you were talking quite loud to Mr. Scales, but what you said I cannot say, I was in such a flutter.

The tailor's evidence throughout was of a very odd description; in the end it appeared that there was no foundation for the allegations against the honesty of the master and matron, and it was resolved to carry the inquiry no further.



AN EVENING AT MURANO.



THE LISTENER.

OSLER'S CRYSTAL GLASS CHANDELIERS.
TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS.
CHANDELIERS in BRONZE and ORMOLU.
MODERATOR LAMPS and LAMPS FOR INDIA.
LONDON Show Rooms, 45, Oxford Street, W.
BIRMINGHAM Manufactory and Show Rooms, Broad Street. [374

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Holders of Prize Medals awarded at the London and Paris Exhibitions for Excellence of Quality.

J. &. P. COATS beg to call the attention ot the Public to their IMPROVED BEST SOFT SEWING COTTON, which, with the view of more fully meeting the wants of Sewing Machines, they now make Six-Cord in all lengths from No. 10 to 100 inclusive.

The importance of this change will be more clearly understood when they state that in the Trade ordinary Soft Sewing Cotton, in all lengths, known as Six-Cord, is such to No. 40 only, being Four-Cord from 42 to 70, and Three-Cord above that number.

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James F. Hutton and Co., The Temple, Dale Street, Liverpool.
Walter Gow, 39, Spring Gardens, Manchester.
Ernest Goudchaux, 60, Boulevard de Sebastopol, Paris. [377

B. BARNARDO,
76, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW,
The largest Importer and Manufacturer of FURS in Scotland. [382

SMALPAGE AND SON,
43, MADDOX STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON.
NEW YORK: 82, FIFTH AVENUE. [425

FOR PICTURE FRAMES, PICTURE FRAMING, MOULDINGS, &c.—EMDIN'S. [See advt. last page.] [451

CARPETS AND CARPET BEATING.

MESSRS. TYLER & SON, 1, Long Acre, W.C., Contractors to Her Majesty's Government for the supply of Carpets, Linoleum, Kamptulicon, and all descriptions of floor coverings to the Royal Palaces and Public Buildings. Carpets taken up, beaten, and relaid. Lowest Cash prices. [444

ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.—Complete Success of the new play, "Fanchette, the Will-o'-the-Wisp," which, with its new scenery, characteristic costumes and music, and thoroughly excellent cast, is universally pronounced one of the most charming productions that has ever graced the London stage. TO-NIGHT, at Seven, BAMBOOZLING. Mr. Charles Warner. At Eight, FANCHETTE, THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP. Characters by Miss Isabel Bateman, Miss G. Pauncefort, Mrs. F. B. Egan; Mr. H. Irving, Mr. G. Belmore, Mr. Addison, &c. Concluding with TWICE KILLED. Mr. George Belmore. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7. Box-office open under the direction of Mr. H. Griffiths. [486

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll Street, Regent Street, W.—Patronised by Royalty and the *élite* of the United Kingdom. UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS. Entertainments irresistibly charming. Performances ever varied, ever new, by the incomparable Troupe of Artistes and superb stud of fifty Horses.

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MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—On VIEW, a magnificent marriage group of H.R.H. the PRINCESS LOUISE and the MARQUIS of LORNE, the attire being an exact facsimile of that worn in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Open (during the holidays) from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. Passengers by Metropolitan Railway stop at Baker Street Station. [489

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

WEST OF ENGLAND ARRANGEMENTS.

TOURISTS' TICKETS,
Available for a month, renewable on payment of a small percentage,
Are issued to all the principal towns and places of interest in the West of England, including

EXETER
DAWLISH
TEIGNMOUTH
TORQUAY
DARTMOUTH
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TRURO
FALMOUTH
PENRYN, and
PENZANCE

These tickets are available by all trains, express and ordinary, except the limited mail.

Passengers may break their journey at certain specified places, and every arrangement is made to conduce to their comfort and convenience on the journey.

Carriages run through from Paddington to Penzance by certain trains, and places may be secured therein by giving a few hours' previous notice to the Superintendent at Paddington or the undersigned.

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Passengers for places beyond Plymouth by the 9.15 a.m. train have time allowed for dinner at Plymouth.

Time books, giving the times of the trains, the fares, and all necessary information, and Tourist programmes, may be obtained on application, free of charge.

Excursion Trains, at low fares, are run at frequent intervals.

J. GRIERSON,
General Manager.
Paddington Station. [497

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

LAST CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS OF THE SEASON.—On SATURDAYS, October 21st and 28th, EXCURSION TRAINS will leave Paddington Station at 7.40, and Reading at 8.45 a.m., for Bath and Bristol, returning on the Monday following date of departure.

For Fares and full particulars see Handbills.
Paddington Terminus. J. GRIERSON, General Manager. [498

QUEEN'S HOTEL, PENZANCE.

The only Hotel at this delightful watering-place that commands an uninterrupted view of the sea, making up 70 beds.
Table d'Hôte at Seven.
H. BLACKWELL, Proprietor. [462

FALMOUTH HOTEL, close to the Railway Station and Pendennis Castle, the most beautifully situated hotel in Cornwall, and replete with every comfort.
MRS. BARRATT, Manager,
(Late of the Westminster Palace Hotel). [460

THOMPSON'S KALYDOR SOAP
CONTAINS a large per-centage of GLYCERINE, in combination with other ingredients of the most emollient kind.
FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION
This Soap is invaluable. THE PERFUME IS RICH AND ENDURING. Prices 4d. and 6d. per Tablet; and in Boxes of Three Cakes, 1s. and 1s. 6d. the Box.
FACTORY: 12, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON.
Wholesale and for Exportation. [436

NOTICE.
THE London Publishing Office of this Paper is at 102, Fleet-street, where the trade can now be supplied early on Friday mornings.
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THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, OCTOBER 21, 1871.

THE Socialistic millennium is not yet in sight. The proclamation of a league between patricians and plebeians over the heads of the bourgeoisie was a forgery, and the great middle classes and the Liberal party may breathe again. The Marquis of SALISBURY forswears the League, half scornfully. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE blandly denies the impeachment, admitting, however, that a little harmless flirtation has taken place between the heads of the Conservative Party and representatives of the artisans. Lord LORNE refuses to be set down as associated with the scheme. What then? Why, we have been deluded by the too conspicuous "spokesmen" of the working classes. They have either deceived themselves, or wilfully misled others, with regard to their Brummagem Concordat. That noble Peers and the masters of a great Party, out of power or in power, should express themselves willing to give special consideration to the grievances of the artisan class, and to the remedies which that class may suggest, is not a very monstrous idea; but that any sane, educated man in practical England should lend a second thought to the scheme alleged to have been submitted to those noble lords and right hon. gentlemen was too much for credibility. This was an unlucky time for the passage of such negotiations as those between a class of legislators and the demagogues of the hour; for the demagogues of the hour are certain to have taken up with the most ridiculous and the most mischievous political theory of the hour; and therefore it was to be presumed that the self-elected spokesmen of the working classes would be a little tainted with Communism just now. For has not Communism just brought a neighbouring country to the very verge of ruin? Has not Communism lately done its best and worst to destroy the most beautiful city in the world? Has not Communism quite recently made of itself a loathsome and contemptible spectacle at the bar of justice? So, it could not but happen that Communism should have, at this period, a peculiar charm in the eyes of the English demagogue; just as the English demagogues held meetings and passed resolutions in behalf of the murderers of Brett the policeman at Manchester; just as they were the apologists for—and indeed the glorifiers of—the massacre outside the prison at Clerkenwell; just as they met and applauded all the most idiotic and cowardly doings of the Fenians, and demanded at the hands of Government the release of murderers. From them at the present moment of course Communism was to be expected, and Communistic in spirit and in fact was the programme placed before the noble lords and right honourable gentlemen who had, it seems, expressed their willingness to look into the grievances of a large and important class of their fellow countrymen and to do what might be possible in their behalf. If the good intentions of the peers and right honourable gentlemen have been thwarted by the introduction of this most absurd political programme, the working classes have to thank their self-elected leaders for the catastrophe. Why do they not come forward and declare that in their name the demagogues have no title to speak? Everybody who knows anything of the artisans of England knows that, as a body, they have not the smallest sympathy with these fine Continental schemes of social amelioration.

AS much general interest is taken in Mr. GLADSTONE'S forthcoming visit to his constituency at Greenwich as if the right hon. gentleman were a rarity on the public platform. It happens, unfortunately for Greenwich, that the great and long promised meeting is fixed to be held on a Saturday; and, if we may judge by the manner in which the event is talked of, a very large proportion of those who benefit by the half-holiday institution in London, intend to be there to hear the Premier, and to witness the row which, for some reason or other, is anticipated. There will be a rush on the twopenny steamers and the suburban railway, and Greenwich will be overdone with company. The inhabitants will wish they had a representative in whom the general public did not take quite so much interest. But why all this excitement? There is no secret about the business of the last session, nor with regard to Mr. GLADSTONE'S share and responsibility with respect to what was done and what was left undone. Neither are we at all in the dark as to what is Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy in the future. In fact, any clever journalist who has kept himself well abreast with public questions and Parliamentary doings could foretell, almost to an item, the points and the substance of Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech to his constituents. Let us wait, then, with philosophic patience, for the report of his oration; not permitting ourselves to be alarmed at the probable consequences of the appearance of the representative before those to whose Quixotic generosity he owes his seat in Parliament. Everything will go as smoothly as possible, and unless Mr. GLADSTONE has a new and wholly unexpected line of policy to open up and explain—a most unlikely contingency—there will be not much interesting matter either in the speech or the proceedings. No doubt the Premier will tell the people of Greenwich that he is very proud to be their representative; and no doubt he will seize the earliest opportunity of bidding them adieu, and of taking his seat in the name of some more important constituency.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LISTENER.

The proverb says "Listeners hear no good of themselves;" but proverbs are sometimes faulty. Charles Lamb altogether refused to follow the example of the lark that rises with the sun, contending that the lark arose to perform music, but that he, not being musically inclined at sunrise, was not called upon to get up so early. In the "Tallants of Barton" we find another proverb pulled to pieces: it is the early bird that gets the worm. The author asks what can be said of the early worm? Had it stayed in bed a little longer it would have been saved from the early bird. We venture to think also that the proverb recalled to mind by our picture is faulty —"Listeners hear no good of themselves." This is often true, but we cannot think our listener is "hearing any bad of herself."

AN EVENING AT MURANO.

Our picture is from a painting by Eugene Blaas, and is thoroughly Venetian in all its details. The islands dotted about Venice in the Lagune are in some respects more Venetian than Venice itself, for they convey an accurate idea of what the metropolis must have been before she attained her full splendour. Several of them were once distinct cities, and retained that title till the revolution, notwithstanding their poverty and the absorption of their constitutional independence. Like the great city, they have suffered exceedingly from the French. Before the invasion there was not one of these islands, not even the smallest, but had its church or its oratory, and several were filled with works of art of the greatest beauty. Of these, none is more regretted by Cicognara than the Church of Sant' Elena, from which some fragments are preserved in the museum. It is painful to recur to this subject; but there is no place in Italy where the conduct of the French, in depriving the people of the means of religious consolation, as well as of so many sources of innocent pleasure and intellectual improvement, presents itself in so rude and harsh an aspect. The voyage to these little fairy realms, as you row by their shores, from which rise churches and towers, the Alps seen encircling all the northern horizon, imparts a pleasure of its own, but certainly not inferior to that of the brighter scenes of the Canal Grande and St. Mark. Murano is the most considerable, and was formerly the most flourishing, of these islands. It is well known that the glass manufacture of Murano was the most perfect in Europe, not only during the middle ages, but even till the beginning of the last century. Mirrors, flasks, drinking-cups, and an infinite variety of small articles, were made here with considerable skill. When Henry III. of France visited the glass-houses in 1574, it is said that he ennobled all the workmen in one batch, a creation which, if it took place, must have been as extensive as that facetiously proposed during the Reform Bill, namely, of calling up the first regiment of the Guards into the House of Lords. Besides the real beauty of the Venice crystal, it was supposed to possess the virtue of detecting poison. The cup would break into shivers if any envenomed beverage were poured into it.

ANIMALS IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS AT BERLIN.

These animals are sketched from nature in the fine Zoological Gardens at Berlin. The animal to the right is a black yak. The timid-looking creature to the left is known as the pale antelope, the centre animal being a Caucasian ram.

NORWEGIAN FILIGREE JEWELLERY.

Our engravings show several specimens of fine Norwegian filigree work. To the left we have an earring, a brooch, a belt-buckle, and studs. To the right are a brooch and earring of still finer work.

PICTURES IN BOLIVIA.

Our "Pictures in Bolivia" would seem to represent some strange mummery enacted by Cannibals hundreds of years ago. They are, on the contrary, faithful sketches at Miners' Festivals, celebrated in Bolivia a short time ago. The Indians and the whitemen at Chacarilla and Corocoro seem to agree well—they look upon each other as fellow workers, and have learnt that the interest of one is the interest of the other.

MISS BATEMAN. (See "Our London Note Book," page 51.)

THE NATURAL BRIDGE, ST. COLUMB. (See page 50.)

THE NEW ALLIANCE.

The Marquis of Salisbury, writing to the *Daily News*, says he has read with considerable surprise the statement published under the head "A New Social Movement." He has not signed the resolutions contained in that statement or expressed any approval of them. They were shown to him confidentially last summer. He fully sympathised with the wish to obtain better dwellings for working men of great cities, but he expressed his strong disapproval of several of the proposals contained in the resolutions.

The correspondent of the *Scotsman* writes on Friday:—A somewhat comical commotion has been caused in London by the reproduction in the *Globe*, the *Echo*, the *Telegraph*, and the *Daily News* of the intelligence concerning the alliance between "the Peers and the Proletariat," which I was enabled to furnish you on the 9th and 10th of this month. It is no new thing for London journals to depend upon newspapers published out of London for information of what happens in London; but it is not very pleasant for them to be compelled to confess this fact in matters of importance. The comments of the *Telegraph* and the *Daily News* this morning upon what one of them calls the "New Secret Treaty," and the other speaks of as "a political sensation," are sufficiently amusing. As to its truth, I can only say, what you will readily believe, that it reached me from one of the persons concerned, who was anxious that it should be published, and I know he was not speaking simply for himself. Both the *Telegraph* and *Daily News* try hard to show that the Alliance, after all, is not a "political" one, and that the Liberal party need not yet be greatly alarmed by it. The *Globe* of to-night—which, by the way, is the only Tory paper which has ventured up to this time to express its opinions upon "the Alliance"—after expatiating at some length upon the panic into which the disclosure has thrown its Liberal contemporaries, and declaring that the natural friends of the working classes are not the new rich, but the old aristocracy, goes on to say that "the specific demands of the new movement" have not yet been "definitely shaped," and that "the language in which they have been given to the public is not that of the promoters of the movement." The *Globe* promises that "at the proper time the facts will be divulged." I am inclined to believe that the facts as you have already published them are correct to the letter.

The *Observer* says:—We understand that the accounts given in several of our daily contemporaries, with reference to the alliance between the Conservative Peers and certain representatives of the working classes are substantially correct, in so far as the preliminary negotiations are concerned. We can, however, state positively that no ratification of the draft terms proposed by the council of skilled workmen has as yet been exchanged, nor has any conference so far taken place between the members of the Legislature who are reported to have signed the draft document and the working class representatives. It is not, indeed, believed by the principal parties to the negotiations that any very definite result will follow. The working men themselves, rightly or wrongly, do not regard the movement as bearing any political or party character. They are not unwilling to seize an opportunity of manifesting their opinion that the present Government has not evinced sufficient activity in legislating for the interests of the working classes; but they wish it to be understood that if the Conservative leaders are ready to sacrifice their principles to secure the co-operation of the artisan electors, they, on their side, are not prepared to sacrifice their political principles in order to secure the support of the Conservatives in measures of social reform.

THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

The German Reichstag was opened on Monday by the Emperor, from whose speech it appears that the budget to be submitted to the Chamber requires no higher contribution for Imperial objects than that now in force, and the budget for the year 1870 has, notwithstanding the effects of the war, left a surplus. The Federal Council is engaged on the discussion of a bill, the first object of which will be the creation of a gold coin fitted for general circulation, and which shall lay down the basis of a common German system of coinage. The war indemnity up to the present paid by France, and that which is to be paid in the first month of the coming year, will be employed to a great extent for the redemption of the loans contracted by the North German Confederation to carry on the war. According to the treaty just concluded with France, the evacuation of the departments in that country will take place immediately. Turning to foreign affairs, His Majesty announced that his relations with all foreign Governments were peaceful, and that he had aimed to strengthen the well-grounded confidence that the new German Empire will be a reliable shield of peace. In this connection, said His Majesty:—

"It is a specially important, but to me also a specially welcome task, to entertain with the immediately neighbouring States of Germany, the Sovereigns of the powerful empires which directly border on it from the Baltic to the Lake of Constance, friendly relations of such a kind that their reality should be undoubted in the public opinion of every country. The thought that the meetings which I had this summer with the monarchs of these neighbouring empires, who are personally so closely connected with me, may, by strengthening public confidence in the peaceful future of Europe, further its realisation, is specially pleasing to my heart. The German Empire and the Austro-Hungarian Imperial State are, by their geographical position and their historical development, so forcibly and in so manifold a manner called upon to entertain friendly and neighbourly relations for each other, that the fact of these relations having ceased to be troubled by the reminiscence of conflicts which were the undesirable inheritance of the last thousand years, will be received by the entire German nation with sincere satisfaction."

Prince Bismarck then declared the German Parliament opened. Dr. Simson provisionally assumed the Presidency of the Parliament. Several bills were introduced by the Government. Among them is a statement of the revenue and expenditure of the North German Cofederation, together with a bill relating to the application of the surplus; a bill providing for the creation of a War Fund for the Empire; a bill authorising the repayment of the loan issued by virtue of the law of the 21st of July, 1870; and new regulations for the control of the Budget of the Empire.

The *Times* says:—"No one who is able to form a judgment of national tendencies can doubt that the German nation has deliberately and irreversibly accepted the principle of unity under the presidency of the Prussian House, and that the whole movement of the future will be more and more towards fusion. The nation may have to withstand foreign attack, but cannot again suffer from internal discord. Thus the German Emperor addresses what is now potentially, and will in time be actually, a single State. Whatever may be the internal arrangements and the partial autonomy which may be left to this or that province, the Germans are one to foreign powers. Finance, the army, the coinage are subjects on which a single statesman will propose, and a single Legislature deliberate. The nation is forty millions, and it exercises an extraordinary influence over seven or eight millions more without passing beyond the bounds of its own nationality. If the Speech from the Throne be the index of what will be done during the session, the care of the German Parliament will be first for the efficient maintenance of the army, and next for a more easy and extensive intercourse between the different parts of the Empire. Both of these objects are intimately connected with finance, and, consequently, the Emperor commends the budget to special attention. The task is a pleasing one. The fulness of the treasury allows generosity in all directions. The first step will be to relieve the separate States from the liabilities they incurred during the war. The millions of the French indemnity are being allotted to the allies of Prussia with a liberality which should dissipate every suspicion which was conceived before the war. A part of the indemnity will, however, be devoted to the reorganisation and re-equipment of the army. The Government has not been so carried away by the triumphs of the war as to forget that it has enemies still, and that Germany must be more than ever a military Power. The economical situation, says the Emperor, never gave a more favourable opportunity for establishing a new coinage. The Emperor's remarks on foreign affairs will be read with interest. As long as M. Thiers is in power there can be no doubt of the will of the French Government to meet its engagements, and also of its power to procure the money. Were even anything to befall him, the most Prussian-hating successor could not venture on resistance in the present state of France."

THE NEW FRANCO-GERMAN TREATY.

La Semaine Financière states that the arrangements between M. Pouyer-Quertier and Prince Bismarck are viewed at Paris with much satisfaction, both with regard to the question of customs and to the payment of the indemnity. As to the customs question France abandons the conditions upon which it previously insisted as to the products of Alsace and Lorraine, and Germany shortens by six months the demand she made in favour of the industries of those provinces. As to the financial question both Governments have agreed upon abandoning the endorsement of the bankers as an addition to the acceptance of the bills by France; and the payment of 650 million francs (£26,000,000) is to be effected by fortnightly instalments of eighty millions, or £3,200,000 each, commencing on the 15th January next, and terminating on the 30th of April next, when the last instalment will be ninety millions, or £3,600,000. These arrangements, of course, do not relieve France from any portion of her pecuniary liability to Germany; every farthing of the indemnity, as agreed, must be paid; but the gain consists in the delay which is practically accorded through the waiving of the stipulation respecting the guarantees of English and other bankers. As the proposal stood originally, it would have been in the power of the Finance Department at Berlin to have put a strong pressure at its pleasure upon the money markets of England and France. The mode of payment (says the *Financier*) is now clearly defined; and if our financiers give further assistance to the French Government in the matter they will do so with a more accurate knowledge of the exact bearing upon our Money Market than they could have possessed when these arrangements were first spoken of. Thus, not much is really changed in the actual conditions of the affair, yet some present relief is gained, and time is given for the higher rate of discount to work its natural effect upon the exchanges. And how it works is seen in the fact—a very important one for our money market—that on Tuesday a further sum of £350,000 in foreign gold was sent into the Bank of England, making a total of no less than £1,101,000 since the date of the last return. Thus far, therefore, the reflux is almost as rapid as we could wish.

"Kangaroo venison" is a new meat on the other side of the Atlantic. It is imported in tins, like Australian mutton; and those who have tried it give a favourable account of its quality.

In Switzerland the telegraph has superseded the post to a much greater extent than in England or in Scotland. The wires go everywhere, and a message of ten words costs only ten cents.

An American farmer possesses a novelty in the form of a cow with a wooden leg. The animal having lamed one of her hind-legs, a skilful veterinary surgeon tried the experiment of amputation. The operation was successful. A wooden leg was provided, and the cow walks about very comfortably.

A DANCING DERVISH.

The venerable Sheikh of the Dancing Dervishes, who died at the Teké, Pera, was buried on the 8th inst., with great ceremony, which is described by the *Levant Times* as follows:—"His body was carried by the dervishes to the mosque at Tophaneh, where prayer was said, and back by another route to the Teké, where it was interred in the cemetery belonging to the order. The deceased's person was familar not only to residents but to myriads of tourists, not a single one of whom is likely to have omitted, in doing the 'lions' of Constantinople, to pay a visit to the Dancing Dervishes. He is reputed to have attained the fabulous age of 108 years, and there is attached to him a still more extraordinary interest, namely, that he was born in the grave, just after the interment of his mother, from which circumstance he derived his name of *Coudret-oullah*, or 'Child of Earth.' He himself firmly believed in this story, which we have on his own authority. We have, also, heard it narrated, though not by himself, that, like his mother, he was prematurely buried. This is said to have happened some thirty years ago. Mussulman coffins and also graves are, however, adapted for such accidents. The former are very flimsy and roomy, and the latter shallow and lightly covered in, until a long time after the burial. The late Sheikh, though very infirm in body, possessed all his faculties unclouded to the last, and his memory, which was remarkably tenacious, never failed him. The office being an hereditary one, devolves upon his son, Atta Bey, who is a man of middle age."

AGNES.

I open again the garden-door,
When the flowers live their little time,
And I stand, as you used to stand before,
By the rose-bush in its prime;

And I pluck one bud from the laden stem:
"This is for you," I say;
Then I take a leaf from the glowing gem,
And fling the rest away.

Now, why should I place this single leaf
Where my other treasures lie?
And why should I keep it like the grief
That is seen in a thoughtful eye?

I keep it because it was thus you stood,
That summer afternoon,
Plucking a rose in your maiden mood,
And humming a low sweet tune.

And I stood in the shade of the garden-door,
And heard you at your song,
And saw the rich leaves downward pour,
As the low wind came along.

Now when Death has plucked your life's sweet bud,
And your footsteps are heard no more,
I think it a joy to stand where you stood,
By the rose at the garden-door.

So I creep in as beneath a fear,
And pluck, with trembling hand,
A rose from the bush you held so dear,
Ere you went to the spirit-land.

And I take one leaf from the bud—no more—
And fling the rest away,
Then turn again to the garden-door,
In the golden summer day;

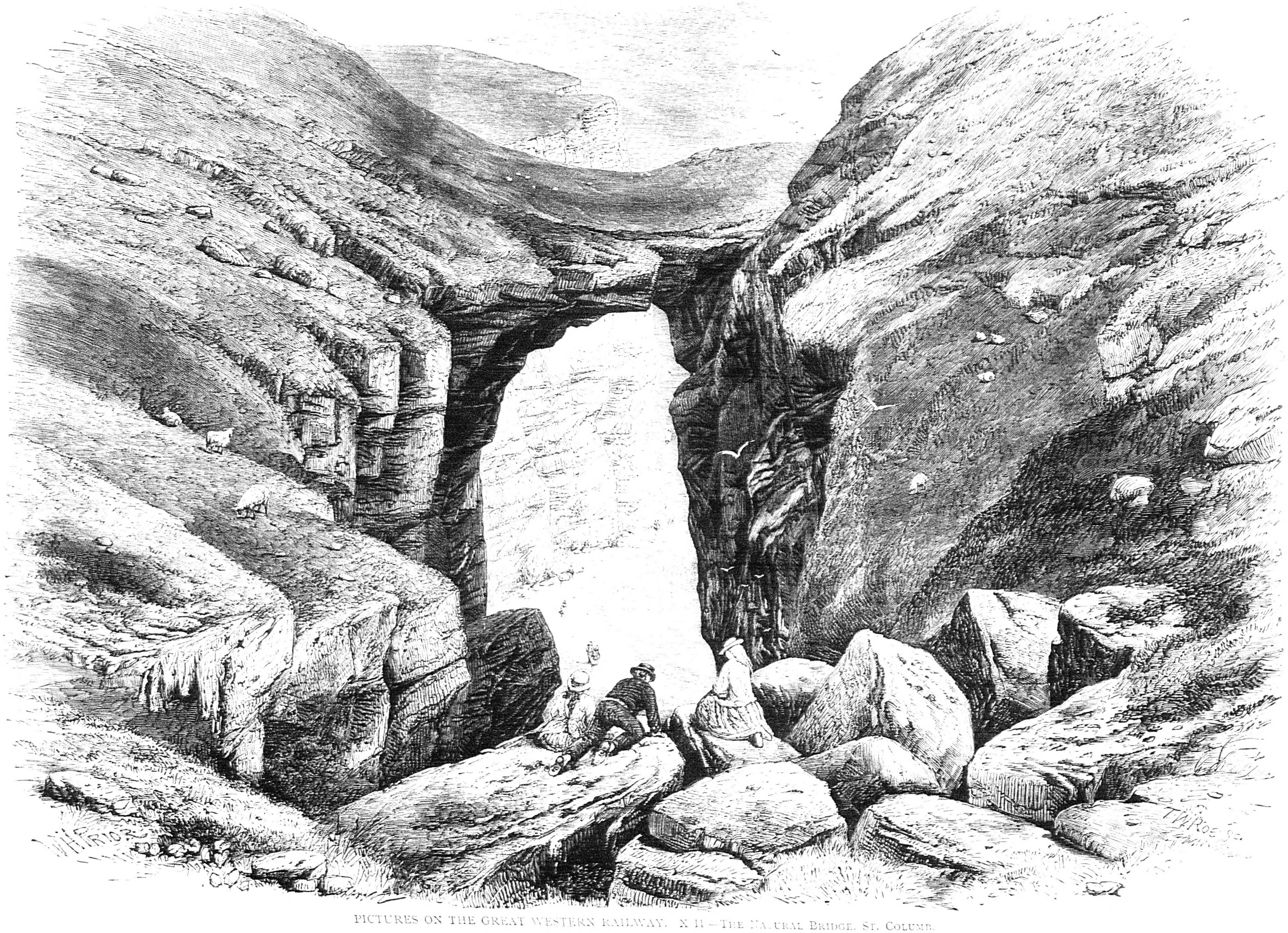
And whisper: "The bud that I resign
Is thy clay to its own earth given;
But the leaf that I keep is that spirit of thine,
With its incense—all of heaven."

Another Imperial Appeal.—The following letter, addressed by the Empress Eugenie to the Emperor of Austria about the end of September, 1870, is published in *L'Ordre* of Saturday:—"Sire,—The Government which has seized upon power in Paris has applied directly to Count Bismarck to obtain the signature of a Treaty of Peace. M. Thiers has been charged to intercede with the neutral Powers, and to seek their mediation between the belligerents. I do not inquire what are the chances of deliverance which my country may hope for from the Army of the Rhine, which is fighting so heroically under the walls of Metz, and from the courage of the defenders of Paris. I cannot form a personal opinion upon these points. But France, afflicted by the disasters she has experienced, wishes to prevent further bloodshed, and desires peace. Have not the neutral Powers a duty to fulfil, to protect the interests of the future, by rendering possible, through their friendly intervention, an equitable treaty of peace? Misfortunes have befallen and crushed us, Sire. The Emperor, a prisoner, can at the present moment do nothing for his country. Myself removed from France by circumstances foreign to my wishes, I am the spectator of a conflict which breaks my heart, and I cannot temain silent amid so much sorrow and ruin. I know rhat in addressing myself to your Majesty you will understand that my sole anxiety is France, and it is for it alone that my cruelly tried heart now appeals. I entertain the hope that your Majesty will exert your influence to preserve my country from humiliating exactions, and to procure for it a peace which will respect the integrity of its territory."

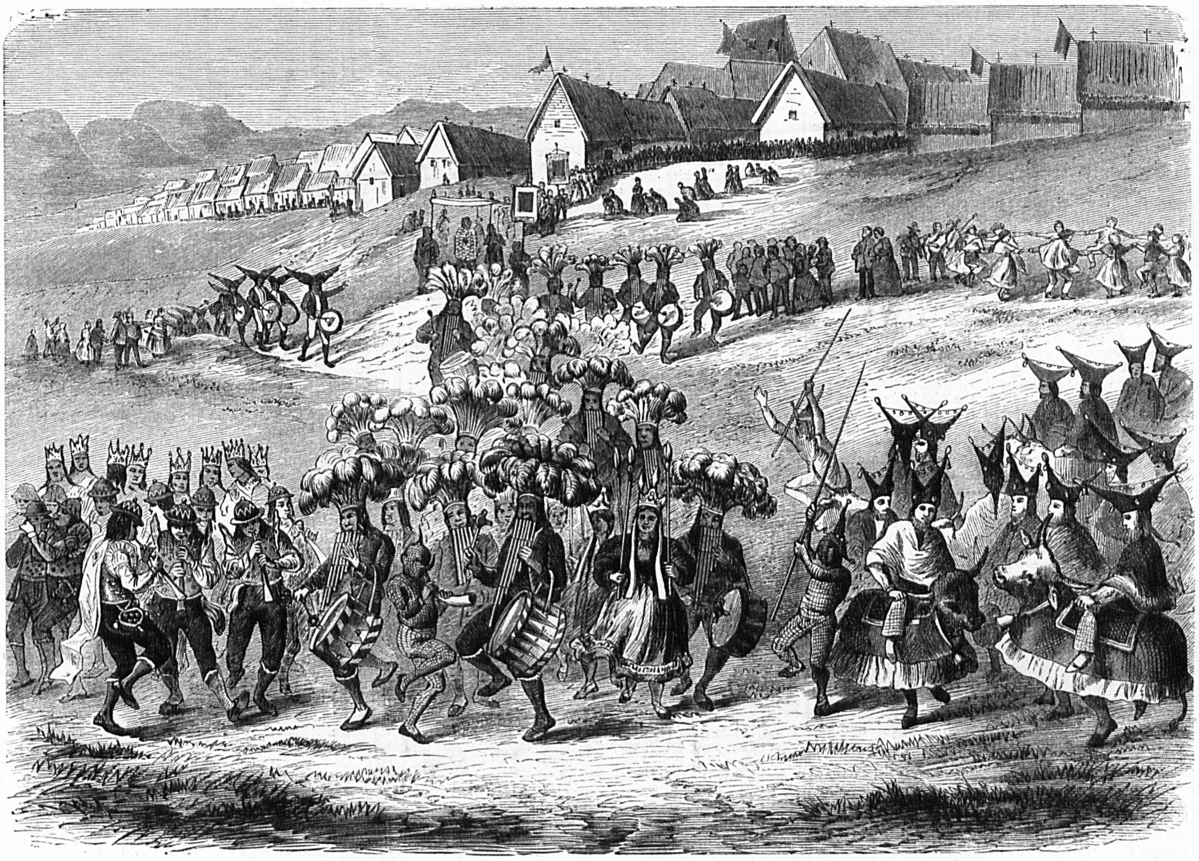
A French chemist recommends grinding tea like coffee before pouring hot water upon it. He asserts that by this process it will be made to yield nearly double the amount of exhilarating qualities.

Borwick's Custard Powder is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc-Manges, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all corndealers in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins. [457

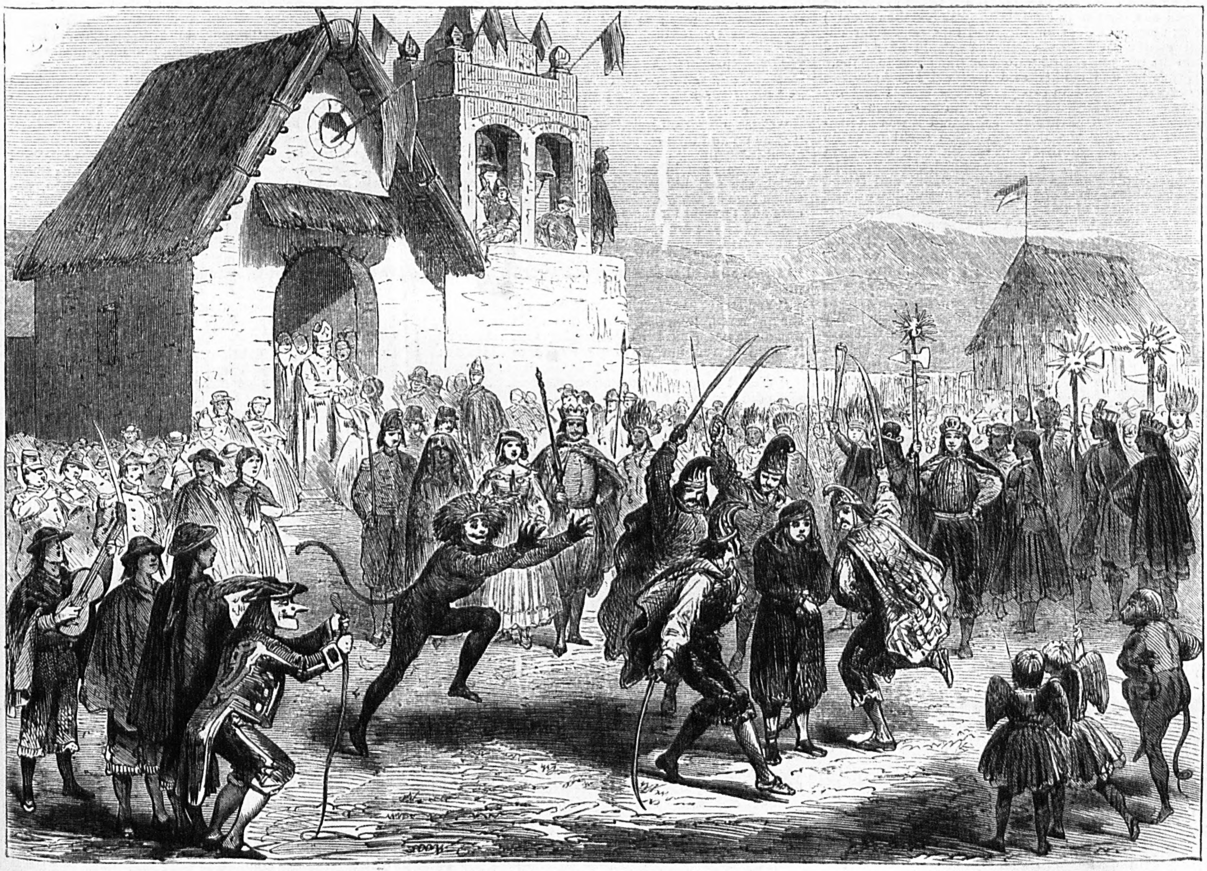
Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—Universal Curatives.—No one should brood over infirmities, or permit intolerable pain to wear away the energies, without giving Holloway's remedies a fair and impartial trial. They purify and heal, two qualities requiring no comment. The Pills exercise a wonderful power in purifying, regulating, and correcting torpidity of liver or kidneys; they remove any temporary stagnation of blood, thus preventing congestion of the lungs, liver, spleen, brain, or any other organ. They act as alteratives, sedatives, or stimulants by their power over the nerves, which are the "governors" of all animal functions. From the use of one or both of Holloway's restoratives, the patient will obtain relief or immunity from suffering. [175



PICTURES ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. X II—The Natural Bridge, St. Columb.



PICTURES IN BOLIVIA: Miners' Festival at Chacarilla.



PICTURES IN BOLIVIA: Miners' Festival at Corocoro.

AMY'S LOVER.

It was five o'clock—five o'clock on a dull November afternoon—as I, Elizabeth Lacy, the wretched companion of Lady Cunningham, of Northampton Lodge, in the town of Rockledge, stood gazing from the dining-room windows at the grey curtain of fog which was slowly but surely rising between my visions and all outward things, and thinking how like it was in colour and feeling and appearance to my own sad life. I have said that I was the "wretched" companion of Lady Cunningham; is it very ungrateful of me to have written down that word? I think not: for if a wearisome seclusion and continual servitude have power to make a young life miserable, mine had fairly earned its title to be called so. I had withered in the cold and dispiriting atmosphere of Northampton Lodge for four years past, and had only been prevented rupturing my chains by the knowledge that I had no alternative but to rush from one state of bondage to another. To attend upon old ladies like an upper servant—to write their letters, carry their shawls, and wait upon them as they moved from room to room—this was to be my lot through life; and if I ever dreamed that a brighter one might intervene, the vision was too faint and idealistic to gild the stern realities which were no dreams.

Five years before I had been the child of parents in good circumstances, and loved and made much of, as only daughters generally are. My father, who held the comfortable living of Fairmead, in Dorsetshire, had always managed to keep up the household of a gentleman, and my poor, delicate mother and myself had enjoyed every luxury consistent with our station in life. She had had her flower garden and her poultry and her pony-chair, and I my pets and my piano and—my lover. Ah! as I stood at the wire-blinded windows of Lady Cunningham's dining-room that sad November afternoon and recalled these things, I knew by the pang which assailed me at the thought of Bruce Armytage which loss of them all had affected me most. My father and mother, who from my youth up had so loved and guarded me, were in their graves, and with them had vanished all the luxuries and possessions of my early days. But though I stood there a penniless orphan, with no joy in my present and very little hope in my future, the tears had not rushed to my eyes until my memory had rested on Bruce Armytage, and then they fell so thickly that they nearly blinded me; for mingled with his memory came shame as well as regret, and to a woman perhaps shame is the harder feeling of the two. His conduct had been so very strange, so marvellously strange and unaccountable to me, that to that day I found no clue to it. When he first came down and took lodgings in Fairmead—for the purpose of studying to pass his examination for the law, he said—he had seemed so very, very fond of me that our engagement followed on the avowal of his love as a matter of course. But then his family interfered; they thought, perhaps, that he ought to marry some one higher than myself, though my father was a gentleman, and no man can be more. At any rate, *his* father wrote to say that Bruce was far too young (his age was just then twenty) to fix upon his choice for life, and that no regular engagement must be made between us until he returned from the two years' foreign tour he was about to make.

My father and mother said that old Mr. Armytage was right, and that in two years' time both I and my lover would be far better able to form an opinion on so serious a matter. Bruce and I declared it was all nonsense, that fifty years of separation could make no difference to us, and that what we felt then we should feel to our lives' end. And they smiled, the old people, while our young hearts were being tortured, and talked about the evanesence of youthful feelings while we drank our first draught of this world's bitterness. My parents were not unkind, but they were unsympathetic; they rather hoped, upon the whole, that I should forget Bruce Armytage; and, in order to accomplish their end, they pretended to believe it. But he went with the most passionate protestations upon his lips that as soon as he returned to England no earthly power should keep us separate; and he never came back to me again! My father and mother died rather suddenly, and within a few months of each other; our home had been broken up; and at the age of nineteen I had been sent forth upon the world to earn my own living; and, at the age of three-and-twenty, I was at the same trade, neither richer nor poorer than at first, but with all my faith in the constancy and honour of mankind broken and destroyed, for Bruce Armytage had never found me out, or, as far as I knew, inquired after me. His family had permitted me to leave Fairmead and enter on my solitary career without a word of remonstrance or regret; since which time I had had no communication with them, though at that period my pride would not have forbidden my sending an account of my trouble to Bruce, believing that he cared for me. Correspondence between us during his foreign tour had been strictly prohibited, and I had no means of ascertaining his address. For a while I had expected he would write or come to me; but that hope had long died out, and the only feeling I had left for him was contempt—contempt for his fickleness and vacillation, or the pusillanimity which could permit him to give up the woman he had sworn to marry, because his father ordered him to do so. No! filial obedience carries very little weight with the heart that is pitted against it; and as I thought of it and him I bit my lip, dashed my hand across my eyes, and hoped the day might yet come when I should be able to show Bruce Armytage how greatly I despised him.

At this juncture the housemaid came bustling into the room with a little note for me—a dear little cocked-hat note—which seemed to speak of something pleasant, and at the writer of which I had no need to guess, for I had but one friend in Rockledge who ever sent such notes to me.

"Waiting for an answer," said the bearer, curtly; and I tore it open and devoured its contents:—

Dear Lizzie,—I think you will be *very much* surprised to hear that your little friend Amy is engaged to be married! However, it is quite true, although the business was only settled this morning; and the young gentleman has promised to spend the evening with us, and to bring a cousin whom he is anxious to introduce. Will you come and take tea with us also? The doctor has only just told me that Lady Cunningham dines out to-night, or I should have sent before. Do come, Lizzie. Amy is crazy to see you and tell you all her secrets, and you know that you are always sure of a welcome from

Your affectionate friend,
MARY RODWELL.

The perusal of this little epistle threw me into a perfect whirl of excitement and delight, which would have appeared extraordinary to any one who had not been acquainted with the maddening monotony of my daily existence. These Rodwells, the family of the good old doctor who attended Lady Cunningham, were my only friends in Rockledge, the only people with whom I ever caught a glimpse of a happy domestic life, such as had been once my own.

"Is there any answer, miss?" demanded the housemaid, who had been waiting while I read my note.

"Yes, yes; I will go of course. Say I will be there in half an hour," I replied; for my evening, in consequence of Lady Cunningham's absence, was at my own disposal. "And, Mary, please bring me up a jug of hot water; I am going to take tea with Mrs. Rodwell."

"Well, I'm very glad of it, miss; it's a shame you shouldn't have a holiday oftener than you do," returned my sympathising hearer as she departed with my answer.

With a hasty vote of thanks to Mary for her kind speech, I ran upstairs to my own bedroom to make the few preparations needful for my visit. I knew that Mrs. Rodwell would not desire me to dress; but to arrange my hair anew with a blue ribbon woven in it, and to change my dark merino body for a clear muslin Garibaldi, made me look fresh and smart, without taking up too much of the precious time I had to spend at her house. Besides, were there not to be some gentlemen present? At that thought my mind reverted to the wonderful news of Amy's engagement, and I could scarcely proceed with my toilet for thinking of it. Little Amy! younger by five years than myself, who had always appeared so shy and modest and retiring—was it possible she could have had a lover without my knowing it? And now to be actually engaged! going to be married at her age! It almost seemed incredible, until I remembered with a sudden sigh that I had been no older myself when Bruce Armytage proposed to me, and had been able to keep my secret very well until the necessity for doing so was over.

But I would not let such thoughts engross me now, for I had no wish to carry a long face to Mrs. Rodwell's house; and so I hurried on the remainder of my things, and, wrapping myself up warmly in a dark cloak, hurried bravely out into the evening air. It was then six o'clock, and the fog was denser than before; but what cared I for outer dulness any longer? My imagination ran on before me, vividly picturing the cheerful scene in which I should soon mingle, and my feet tripped after it, joyous as my heart. I had not far to go, and my eagerness shortened the way; so that in a few minutes I was rapping at Dr. Rodwell's hall door, and scraping my feet upon his scraper. How quickly it was opened by little Amy herself! And what a mixture of bashfulness, pleasure, and self-importance was in her blushing face as I threw my arms around her neck and warmly congratulated her.

"Come upstairs, Lizzie," she entreated in a whisper; "come up and take off your things, and I'll tell you all about it."

We were soon in her own room—that cozy room in which she and her younger sister, Mattie, slept, and which bore so many evidences of their mother's tender care and thought for them.

"And so you are really engaged to be married, Amy," I exclaimed, as the door closed behind us. "That was a very astounding piece of intelligence to me, who had never heard the faintest whisper of such a thing before."

"You forget you have not been near us for a month," she answered, laughing; "but the truth is, Lizzie, it was all so uncertain till this morning that mamma said it would be very unwise to mention it to anybody; so that you were the first recipient of the news, after all."

"Well, I suppose I must be satisfied with that. And when did you meet him, Amy?"

"Last month, up in London, while I was staying with my Aunt Charlesworth."

"And it is a settled thing, then?"

"Oh, yes! His parents have consented, and are coming to Rockledge on purpose to call on us. And—and *he* came down this morning to tell papa; and I believe we are to be married in the spring."

"So soon?" I ejaculated, thinking how easily some people's courtships ran.

"Yes," replied Amy, blushing; "and he is here this evening, you know, with his cousin, who is staying at Rockledge with him. He talked so much about this cousin! but oh, he is not *half* so nice-looking as himself; and—and I hope you will like him, Lizzie dear," kissing me affectionately as she spoke, "for I have told him so much about you."

"I am sure I shall, Amy," I replied, as I returned her caress. We were on the staircase at the time, descending to the dining-room. "I assure you I am quite impatient to see your hero. By the by, dear, what is his name?"

"Armytage." And then, seeing my blank look of amazement, she repeated it—"Armytage. Have you never heard the name before? I think it's such a pretty one. Amy Armytage," she whispered finally in my ear, as, laughing merrily, she pushed me before her into the dining-room.

It was all done so suddenly that I had no time to think about it, for before the echo of her words had died away I was in the midst of the family group, being warmly kissed by Mrs. Rodwell and Mattie and Nelly and Lotty, and shaken hands with by the dear, kind old doctor and his rough school-boys.

"Well, Lizzie dear," exclaimed my motherly hostess, as she claimed me for a second embrace, "this is quite an unexpected treat to have you here to-night; I thought we were never going to see you again. But you look pale, my child; I am afraid you are kept too much in the house. Doctor, what have you been about, not to take better care of Lizzie? You should give her a tonic, or speak to Lady Cunningham on the subject."

But the good old doctor stuck both his fingers into his ears. "Now I am not going to have any talk about pale looks or physic bottles to-night," he said; "the time for doctoring to-day is over. Miss Lizzie, you just come and sit between Tom and me, and we'll give you something that will beat all the tonics that were ever invented. Here, Mattie, pass the scones and oat-cakes down this way, will you? If you children think you are going to keep all the good things up at your end of the table, you are very much mistaken;" and with no gentle touch my hospitable friend nearly pulled me down into his own lap.

"Now, doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Rodwell, with an affectation of annoyance. "I will not have you treat my guests in this way. Lizzie has come to see *me*, not *you*, and she sits by no side but mine. Besides, you have not even given me time to introduce the gentlemen to her. Lizzie, my dear, we must all be friends here this evening. Mr. Bruce Armytage, Mr. Frederick Armytage—Miss Lacy. And now, doctor, we'll go to tea as soon as you please."

I had known from the moment of my entering the room that there were strangers in it, but I had not dared to glance their way. Amy's announcement of her lover's name had come too unexpectedly to permit me to form any idea upon the subject, excepting that it was the same as mine had borne; and yet when Mrs. Rodwell repeated it, with the familiar prefix, strange to say, I seemed to hear it with no second shock, but to have known the bitter truth all along.

Not so, however, Bruce Armytage; for Mrs. Rodwell's introduction was scarcely concluded before I heard his voice (unforgotten through the lapse of years) exclaim, "Miss Lacy!" in a tone of surprise which could not but be patent to all.

Cold and pulseless as I had felt before, the mere tones of his voice sent the blood rushing from my heart to my head, till the room and the tea-table and the group of living figures swam before my dazzled eyes. I felt my weakness, but I determined all the more that no one else should guess at it, and mentally stamped upon my heart to make it steady against the moment when its energies should be required.

"You have met Mr. Armytage before, Lizzie?" said Mrs. Rodwell, with a pleasant astonishment.

I lifted up my eyes, and looked upon Bruce Armytage, to be able to say truly if I had met him before. Yes, it was he, but little altered during our five years of separation, excepting that he had passed from a boy to a man. He coloured vividly beneath my steady gaze; for a moment I thought he was about to seize my hand; but my eyes forbade him, and he shrank backward.

"Mr. Armytage and I *have* met before," I said, with a marvellous quietness, in answer to Mrs. Rodwell's previous question, "when I was living in my old home at Fairmead; but that is so many years ago that we are nothing but strangers to each other now."

At these words any purpose which he might have entertained of claiming me as an old acquaintance evidently died out of Bruce Armytage's mind; for, retreating a few paces, he bowed coldly to me, and took a seat, where his proper place now was, by Amy's side.

"Oh, not strangers, my dear—oh no!" exclaimed Mrs. Rodwell, who had taken my answer in its literal sense. "You must all be friends together here, you know, if it is only for Amy's sake. Mr. Frederick Armytage, will you be so kind as to pass the muffins up this way? Thank you! Now, Lizzie, my dear, you must make a good tea."

I sat down between my host and hostess, triumphant on the subject of the manner in which I had acquitted myself, and feeling strong enough for any future trial; but before many minutes had elapsed I was overtaken by a sickly and oppressive sensation for which I was quite unable to account. The hot flush which had risen to my face while speaking to Bruce Armytage died away, leaving a cold, leaden weight upon my breast instead; my pulses ceased their quick leap, and took to trembling; the rich dainties which the doctor and his wife heaped upon my plate nauseated me even to contemplate; and a whirring confusion commenced in my head, which obliged me to rally all my forces before I could answer a simple question. The noise and laughter of the tea-table seemed to increase every minute; and if one might judge from the incessant giggling of Amy, Mattie, Nelly, and Lotty, the two gentlemen at the other end were making themselves very agreeable. I tried to eat; I tried to force the buttered toast and plum-cake and rich preserves down my throat, but there was something there which prevented my swallowing them.

"Lizzie, my dear, are you not well?" inquired Mrs. Rodwell, presently. The friendly interrogation saved me. I had just been relapsing into a state of weakness which might have resulted in hysteria: her words recalled me to myself. Should all the table know that I was grieving?

"Not well, dear Mrs. Rodwell!" I exclaimed, speaking as fast and as shrilly as people generally do under the circumstances; "why, what can make you think so? I never felt better in my life. But, really, you do so oppress me with good things that it is quite impossible I can do justice to them all and talk at the same time. No, doctor, not another piece of cake. I couldn't, really; thank you all the same. You know there is a limit to all things, though you never seem to think so where I am concerned."

While my voice thus rang out harshly and unnaturally across the table, I felt that the dark eyes of Bruce Armytage were regarding me from the other end, and I wished I had the courage to stare him down, but I had not. By and by, however, when he was again engaged in conversation, I tried to let my eyes rove in his direction as though I were an uninterested hearer, but the moment that they reached him he raised his own as if by intuition, and my lids dropped again. It was a great relief to me when the doctor gave the order to march, and the whole party adjourned to the drawing-room. As soon as we had entered it Amy left her lover's side and flew to mine.

"Oh, Lizzie," she whispered as we sat in a corner together, "do tell me what you think of him! I am dying to hear. Is he not very handsome?"

"Very handsome," I answered, with closed lips.

"Much better-looking than his cousin?"

"Yes, certainly: there is no comparison between them:" which was true, inasmuch as Frederick Armytage, with his fair hair and blue eyes, was a washed-out, sickly looking creature by the side of his dark, stalwart cousin Bruce.

"I knew you would say so, Lizzie; I was sure you would agree with me. But just fancy your having met Bruce before! Where was it, and when? I couldn't ask you a lot of questions at tea-time, but you made me so curious."

"Amy," I said, suddenly—for I felt this was a subject on which she must not be inquisitive—"when I knew Mr. Bruce Armytage I was living at home with my dear father and mother at Fairmead, and you must be aware that an allusion to those days cannot be a pleasant allusion to me. So, please, like a dear girl, don't ask me any more questions about it, or let me remember that I ever saw your friend before I met him here to-night."

"I won't," said Amy, submissively. "Poor dear Lizzie!" and she stroked my hand with her soft little palm.

"And do not mention me to him either. Our acquaintance was but a brief one: he can have no interest left in the matter."

"Oh, but he has, though, Lizzie"—with a sly upward glance. "He was talking about you all tea-time; his cousin and I thought he would never stop. He asked where you were, and what you were doing, and seemed so sorry when I told him of Lady Cunningham, and what a cross old thing she is, and said several times that he could not get over the surprise of having met you here to-night."

"Indeed! He has a more retentive memory than I have; you can tell him so next time he speaks of me." I answered so haughtily that little Amy looked timidly up in my face, and I remembered suddenly that I was speaking of her lover. "There is your mamma beckoning to you, Amy; and Mattie and Tom are clearing away the chairs and tables. I suppose they want a dance. Tell them I shall be charmed to play for them;" and then, seeing that Bruce Armytage was crossing the room with a view to seeking Amy, I quickly left my seat, and taking possession of the music-stool, commenced to rattle off a polka. Soon they were all busily engaged in dancing, and the noise occasioned by their feet and voices almost prevented my hearing the conversation which Mrs. Rodwell, who had taken up a station with her knitting close to the piano, addressed to me.

"You were very much surprised to hear our news, Lizzie, I'm sure," she began, as she bent toward my ear.

"Very much surprised, Mrs. Rodwell—never more so."

"Ah!" with a sigh, "dear Amy is full young—only eighteen last October, you know, Lizzie; but I think she'll be happy. I'm sure I trust so. He is a very steady young man, and they are to live in Rockledge, which is a great comfort to me."

"In Rockledge!" Was I to undergo the pain of continual intercourse with him, or the alternative of quitting my present situation? "Did I hear you rightly, Mrs. Rodwell?"

"Yes, my dear. His papa, who appears to be a very pleasant old gentleman, has decided to set him up in an office here, that Amy may not be separated from her family. So thoughtful of him, Lizzie, is it not?" Very! I remembered the pleasant old gentleman's conduct on a similar occasion more immediately concerning myself, and could scarcely trust my voice to answer her.

"You have heard that Mr. Armytage is in the law, have you not?" I nodded my head. I had heard it. "A nice profession—so gentlemanly. And he is a fine-looking young man, too; don't you think so? I have heard that some people prefer his cousin's looks to his; but beauty is such a matter of taste, and Amy is quite satisfied on the subject. You may stop playing now, my dear, for they have all done dancing. Nelly, child, how hot you are! Come away at once from the draught of the door."

"A waltz, a waltz, Lizzie!" they all shouted, as they surrounded the piano.

"Perhaps Miss Lacy is tired," suggested the deep voice of Bruce Armytage.

"It is a long time since we met, Miss Lacy," he remarked, presently, but in so low a voice that, had my hearing not been sharpened by anger at his daring to address me, I do not think I should have caught the words.

"Do you think so?" I answered, carelessly, for I felt that I must say something.

"How can you ask? Have the last five years passed so pleasantly as to leave no evidence of the flight of time?"

"Considering," I replied, panting with indignation at what appeared to me such thorough indifference to my feelings—"considering, Mr. Armytage, that during the years you speak of I have lost both my dear parents, I should think you might have spared me the allusion."

"Forgive me. I did not mean to wound you. But if the loss of your parents is the only loss you have to regret during those five years, you are happier than some, Miss Lacy. Death is natural; but there are griefs (the loss of love and hope, for instance) almost too unnatural to be borne."

"*I* have not lost them," I answered him, quietly. "Therefore I cannot sympathise with your allusion. The death of my dear parents was more than sufficient trouble for me; all else of solace that this world can give me is mine."

"Do you mean to tell me"—he commenced, quickly.

"I mean to tell nothing," I replied, in the same cold tones. "I am not in the habit of discussing my private affairs with strangers. Had you not better go to Amy? I see that she is sitting out this dance."

Upon which he gravely inclined his head in acquiescence, and left me to myself.

"Lizzie, Lizzie, how fast you have been playing! We are all out of breath," exclaimed Mattie, as she and Tom danced up to my side. "Get up, there's a good girl, and let me take your place; we are going to have a game of 'Magical Music.' Tom, will you go out first? That's right. Now, girls, what shall we hide? Oh, papa's keys; they will do, and then, if he wants them, he will take quite an interest in coming and joining in the game himself."

I resigned my seat, and stole a hasty glance at the other end of the room. Mrs. Rodwell was busily engaged upon her knitting, and Bruce was sitting on an ottoman close by Amy's side; so, gasping for fresh air and one moment's solitude, and unperceived by the laughing group of children, I left the apartment and ran hastily up to the bedroom which I had first entered. The gas was lighted there, and the fire burned warmly on the hearth, but in my present state of feeling neither warmth nor light was what I most desired. I felt as though I were choking—as though, if no relief was at hand, I must scream aloud or dash my head against the wall, for my nerves were overstrung, and the demon of hysteria was gaining strength with every minute, and I almost feared would win the victory. But pride came to my assistance—that mighty supporter of human weakness—and flying to the window, I raised the sash and leaned my head out of it, drinking in deep draughts of the foggy night air. And as I did so, watching the bustle in the street below and the calm stars in the sky above, I felt strength return to me—strength, not to avoid suffering, but to suffer in patience. The tears rose to my eyes and fell quietly over my cheeks, and as they fell they seemed to dissolve the hard dry lump which had settled in my throat and threatened to deprive me of breath. I thought of Bruce Armytage as I had known him in the past, and my tears fell fast for the loss I had sustained in him; but I thought of him also as I saw him in the present, and pride and jealousy made me dash them from my eyes, and resolve that if I died—yes, if I died of grief and love and longing combined—he should never have the gratification of knowing that I had retained one particle of my old affection for him. With which intent I hurried on my walking things, determined not to expose myself any longer to the danger of betrayal; but before I had finished doing so Mrs. Rodwell was in the room, all anxiety to know what had occasioned my sudden absence.

"What is the matter, Lizzie? Did you feel the heat of the room? Why, my dear child, you are never going? It is only just nine o'clock!"

"Yes, dear Mrs. Rodwell, I think I had better do so. Lady Cunningham will not be late to-night, and you know how particular she is about my being at home before her. Please let me go."

"Well, dear, it must not be long again before we see you. We must try and get up a few parties this winter, as it will be Amy's last in the home circle. And mind, Lizzie, that you are to be one of her bridesmaids; she insists upon it."

"Ah! She is very kind, as you all are; but we will talk of that when the time comes. Good night, dear Mrs. Rodwell. Kiss the girls for me: I won't go into the drawing-room, such a figure as I am."

But Mrs. Rodwell accompanied me down the stairs, conversing as she went:

"I am sorry the doctor is from home, my dear; he would have seen you round to Northampton Lodge; but he is never to be depended on from one hour to another, you know."

"Oh, it is of no consequence, Mrs. Rodwell; I am used to going alone."

"But I don't half like your doing it, Lizzie: the night is so very dark, and"——

"Allow me to have the pleasure of accompanying Miss Lacy, Mrs. Rodwell," said the voice of Bruce Armytage. We had reached the drawing-room floor by that time, and he stood on the threshold of the open door.

"No, no!" I exclaimed, as I shrank backward; "I do not desire it: I would rather go alone; and with a hasty kiss on Mrs. Rodwell's cheek, I ran down the remaining stairs and out at the hall door. The wind was blowing fresh and cold as I turned into the open air, and the night was very dark, but I thought of nothing but his offer to accompany me, and I hurried onward. Did he wish to add insult to injury?

But I had not gone far when I heard the sound of footsteps running after me; and I had hardly realised it was indeed himself before he was by my side, apologising for his presence by the excuse that Mrs. Rodwell had desired him to overtake me and see me home. Would I forgive what might otherwise seem an intrusion to me? I was too indignant to vouchsafe him any answer.

We walked on in silence side by side for several minutes—I, with my head bent down, and holding my thick cloak around me, and he vainly endeavouring to look me in the face. At last, as though making a great effort, he cleared his throat, and said:

"I suppose, after the manner in which you spoke to me at the piano this evening, my pride ought to forbid my attempting any further explanation with you; but in this case I have one feeling more powerful than pride, Miss Lacy, and I must ask you what you meant by saying that all this world could give of solace was yours?"

"I meant what I said," I answered, abruptly; "or rather, that I require no pity from you or any other stranger. Our paths in life are widely enough divided now; let each walk in his own track, without interfering with the other."

"That is easier said than done, perhaps," he replied; "it is difficult in this world for people to forget what they have been."

"It does not appear so to me."

"Ah, perhaps you are differently, more happily, constituted than most. They told me so long ago, though I did not believe them. Will you consider an old friend impertinent for asking if that from which you derive your solace now is the same from which you derived it then? and if so, why I still find you unsettled in life?"

"You are speaking in riddles," I replied. "I do not understand you."

"Your present engagement—is it the same which separated us? Do not be afraid to tell me the truth, Lizzie: I have borne a good deal in my lifetime, and am proof against suffering."

His voice was so tender and kind, so much like the voice which I remembered in the days of our love, that it won me to listen to him quietly. "My engagement!" I echoed, in surprise. "What are you talking of? I have never been engaged—never since"—— And then I halted, fearing what my revelation might suggest to him.

"What do you tell me?" he exclaimed. "What object have you in deceiving me? Were you not engaged, even before your parents' death, to young Hassell, of Fairmead, and was it not by his father's means that your present situation was procured for you? I little thought to meet you here," he added, bitterly. "I imagined you were married long ago, or I should have been more careful of my own feelings. And now you are engaged for the third time! How easily life runs for some people!"

"Who could have told you such a falsehood?" I said, turning to him. "It is true that old Mr. Hassell stood my friend when I had not one in the world, and that he found my present situation for me; but as to being engaged to his son, why he is a married man—he married my own cousin."

"Could the mistake have arisen so?" said Bruce Armytage, as he seized my hand. "Oh, Lizzie, do not be angry: think what I have gone through! When I returned home from that wretched foreign tour, during which I was not allowed to correspond with you, the first news which I heard from my own family was that your father and mother had died some eighteen months before, and that you were engaged to Robert Hassell, and living with some old lady (no one could tell me where) until the time for your marriage arrived. I would not believe them; I rushed down to Fairmead myself to make inquiries, and reached there on the very day of young Hassell's wedding with Miss Lacy. Do you think I was a coward not to stop and see the bride, believing her to be yourself? Perhaps I was; but I flew from the spot as though I had been haunted; and I suffered—ah, Lizzie, I cannot tell how much! It is so fearful, so awful a thing to teach one's self to believe the heart in which we have trusted to be faithless and unworthy."

"I know it," I said, in a low voice, which was nearly choked by my tears.

"How I have lived since that time I can hardly tell you," he continued, as he pressed my hand. (I knew it ought not to remain in his, but it was so sweet to feel it there.) "I have had very little hope, or peace, or happiness, though I have struggled on through it all, and made myself a name in my profession. And then to meet you again to-night so unexpectedly, still free, but promised to another, myself and my love so evidently forgotten, and to feel that it has been but a chance that separated us! Oh, Lizzie, it is almost harder than it was at first!"

"I am not engaged," I answered, sobbing; "you chose to take my words at the piano as meaning so, but it was your mistake, not mine. I have lived much in the same manner you describe yourself to have done—not very happily, perhaps, and finding my best relief in work. But I am glad to have met you, Bruce—glad to have heard from your own lips what parted us; and I thank you for this explanation, though it comes too late."

"But why too late, my dearest?" he exclaimed, joyfully. "Why, if you are free to accept my hand, and can forgive all that has made us so unhappy in the past, should we not bury our mutual trouble in mutual love? Oh, Lizzie, say that you'll be my own wife, and help me to wipe out the remembrance of this miserable mistake!"

"Bruce," I exclaimed, "you must be mad, or I am mad so to tempt you from your duty. Think of all your offer involves—of the distress, the disappointment, the shame it would entail on those who have been more than friends to me; and consider if it is likely I could be so dishonourable to them as to take advantage of it."

"I don't understand you, my darling," he said, with a puzzled look.

"Not understand?" I reiterated, in surprise, "when your engagement to Amy Rodwell was only settled this morning, and the preliminaries for your marriage are already being talked of? Would you break her heart in the attempt to heal mine? Bruce, we must never see each other again after this evening."

"Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie!" he said, shaking his head, "we are playing at dreadful cross-purposes. Did it never enter into your wise little pate to inquire *which* Mr. Armytage was going to marry Amy Rodwell? I can assure you I have no desire or intention to risk getting a pistol-shot through my heart for stepping into my cousin Frederick's shoes."

"And is it really—is it really, then, *Frederick* whom she is going to marry?" I exclaimed, breathless with the shock of this new intelligence. "Oh, how can she?"

"It is indeed," he answered, laughing. "Lizzie, did you seriously think it was I? Why, what a taste you must give me credit for, to choose that pretty little piece of white-and-pink china, after having had the chance of such a woman as yourself? And now what is my answer?"

What it was I leave for my readers to guess.

"After thoroughly testing it, I believe your Vegetable Pain Killer to be the best medicine for diarrhœa I have ever known. It gives speedy and permanent relief without any shock or causing constipation. It is a most useful and valuable family medicine. "E. T. BARRETT.

"*Surrey Chambers, Strand, July*, 1869.

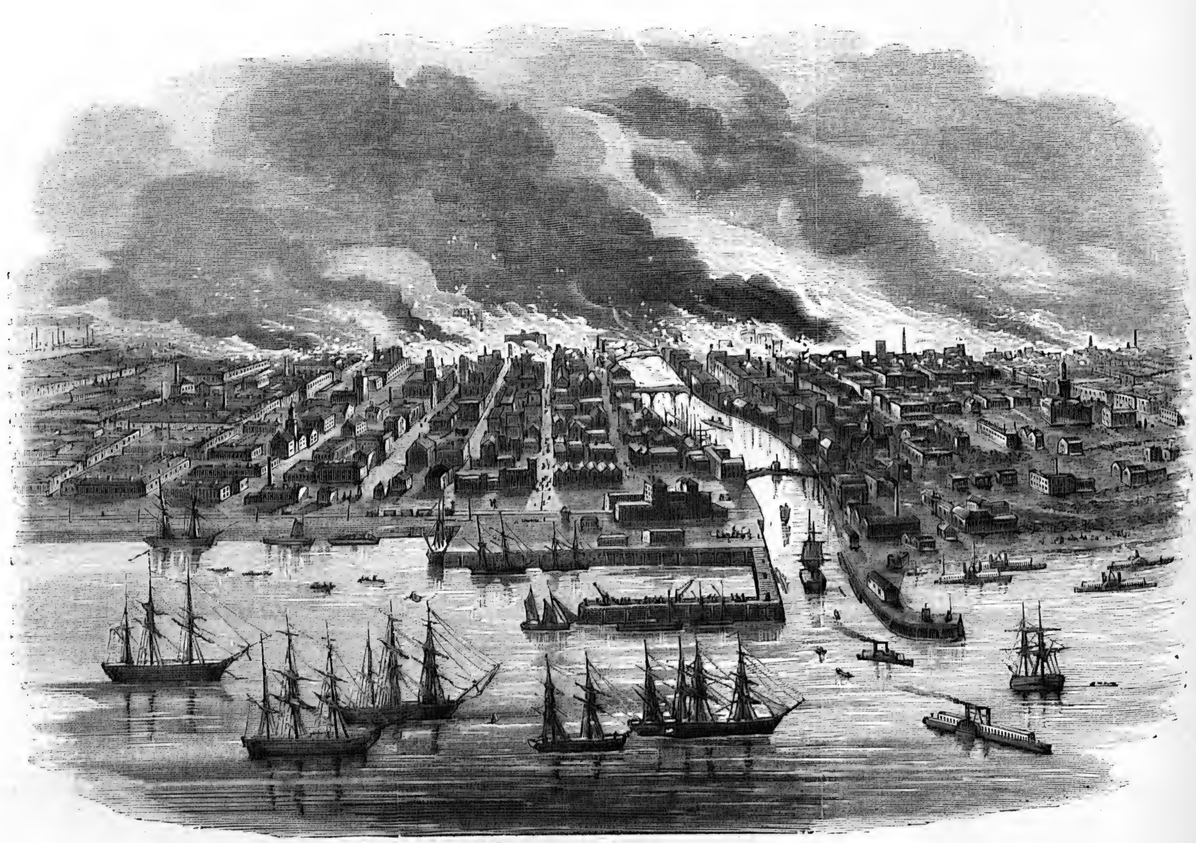
367] "To Perry Davis & Son, London."

IMPRESSIONS OF A VISIT TO CHICAGO.

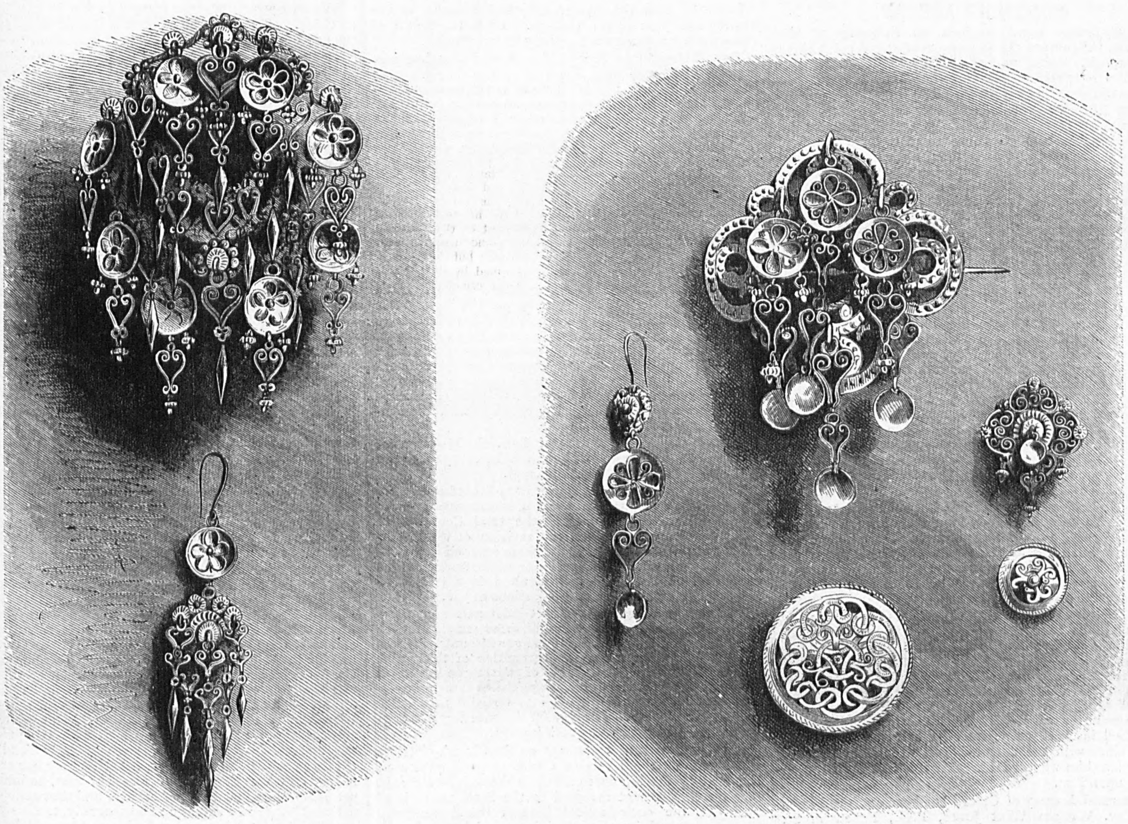
A CORRESPONDENT writing from Ontario has forwarded to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* his impressions of a recent visit to Chicago, which, in view of the terrible calamity by which the city has been visited, will now possess a peculiar interest. If, he remarks, this city were in England it would rank the fifth in point of population in that country; that is to say, it would take its place next after Birmingham. The recent United States census makes its population in 1870, 298,000, a remarkable circumstance when we consider that forty years ago the ground now occupied by the city was a flat and wet plain, where there was a small United States fort to overawe the Indian population, and no white people except a few traders who dealt with the Indians! Is there another instance of such a remarkable growth in any town or city in the world? I doubt it; I know of none. Newcastle-on-Tyne has had a fair measure of prosperity. Its population, I see by the recent census, is 128,000. I remember Middlesborough forty years ago, when it was but a small village: now it contains 45,000 people. But what are these towns in point of increase of population compared with Chicago? To what circumstance, then, is this remarkable increase to be attributed? The answer is, mainly to its admirable situation. At the south-west end of Lake Michigan, and on the east side of the State of Illinois, on a small river having naturally so little current that it may almost be regarded as a mere estuary of the lake, Chicago is built. By this lake, which communicates with the other chain of lakes and with the St. Lawrence, there is a direct communication with the Atlantic. Vessels have already sailed direct from Chicago to Liverpool, and it only requires an enlargement of the canals which overcome the obstructions caused by the Falls of Niagara and the St. Lawrence shallows, to bring about an extensive direct trade between the two places. At this moment the United States Government are making a large additional harbour at Chicago with the view of providing for this Transatlantic trade, which the Washington Treaty, giving the Americans access to the St. Lawrence, is sure to bring about. On the west side of the city there is a canal communicating with the Illinois river, which flows into the Mississippi. Thus Chicago communicates directly by water with the Atlantic Ocean on the east and with the Gulf of Mexico on the west and south. In addition to these water communications there is the Pacific Railway communicating with San Francisco on the western shore of the Continent, and a perfect net of railways extending, and always being further extended, into the fertile lands of Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the vast regions of the North-West. But does any one suppose that this population of 298,000 is huddled together in discomfort and confusion? If so, never was there a greater mistake. Here are magnificent streets and boulevards—beautiful churches, palatial residences of marble, and every comfort and convenience—I may almost say luxury—which any city in the world can show. To effect all this an immense expenditure of money has been necessary. About seventeen years ago, the streets were raised seven feet higher than they had previously been—and large structures of brick were raised by screws from the foundation to that elevation. This was necessary to overcome the disadvantage of the natural depression of the unequal level of the city and admit of proper drainage. To show the energy of the people, they had to overcome the disadvantage of having this large population on a small river which had scarcely any current, although debouching into the lake. The effluvium emitted from this pestilential pond was intolerable. It was impossible that the health of the city could be preserved under such circumstances. Now what has been done? A deep cutting has been made from this water to the Miners' River, by which Lake Michigan has been tapped, and the order of nature reversed, so that instead of the filthy water of the Chicago river lazily moving towards the lake, the clear blue waters of the lake flow briskly through the heart of the city, washing all its impurities into the Mississippi River, and so into the Gulf of Mexico. This work alone has cost 3,000,000 dollars. But considering the advantages which it has conferred, never was money more properly expended. Another instance of the energy of this people is displayed in their digging a tunnel under the lake for two miles, until the depth of forty feet is attained, where, by means of powerful engines, an abundant supply of excellent water is obtained for the entire population. The result of these works and others of a similar kind has been that Chicago, from being the seat of agues and fevers, has been converted into one of the healthiest cities in the world. Nor are its people indifferent to the embellishments of life. To make money is the grand incentive which has gathered together this large population; but they have not forgotten to have numerous parks, beautified by little islands, rustic bridges, and every sort of appliance calculated to dispel the idea that you are in the midst of a dense population. One street called Halstead, although not built on for its entire length, extends in a straight line for eighteen miles. At the distance of eight miles from the present suburbs, a Boston company have expended several hundred thousand dollars in the purchase and improvement of 400 acres of land. They have erected extensive gas and water works, with everything to beautify and render the place suitable for residences. Miles beyond this place, large tracts of the prairie have been purchased by speculators, and are laid out into streets and lots. This seems speculation of a wild description, but the experience of the past seems to warrant the expectation of an immense future. Of course, in the amazing growth of the city, large fortunes have been realised by the increase in the value of land. The wealth of Chicago is drawn from the vast country, unsurpassed in fertility, by which it is surrounded. From this source the immense supplies are obtained which make it the largest grain emporium in the world. Besides, it has no rival in the enormous quantity of pigs and cattle which are slaughtered there. All the products of the soil are transmitted thence to the manufacturing portions of the Union and to Europe. On the other hand, everything which is not produced in the vast region contiguous to Chicago, and which in extent is equal to three or four times the area of England, is distributed from this point. Hardware, cottons, earthenware, drugs, and machinery from the Eastern States and from England find their way to Chicago for the supply of an ever-augmenting population. Certainly, when we look at Chicago—its public buildings, its streets, churches, and parks, and, above all, its orderly and prosperous population, assembled on a plane where, forty years ago, the prairie wolf had its haunt—we may well feel proud of the Anglo-Saxon race, whose regard for order and the supremacy of law, combined with indomitable energy, constitutes them the great colonisers of the world.

THE EMPEROR'S LETTER TO SIR J. BURGOYNE.—The *Débats* makes the following comments upon the recently published letter from the Emperor Napoleon to the late Field-Marshal Burgoyne:—"This letter is remarkable as containing admissions of the most singular, and, we must add, the most ingenuous character. Napoleon III. admits that the Prussians were more quickly prepared than we were, and that they 'surprised us in the very act of formation,' which compelled us to remain upon the defensive, 'the offensive having become impossible.' Thus the Imperial Government declared war without being prepared to assume the offensive, and the ex-Emperor regards that as the most natural thing in the world. He adds that the defensive operations he was compelled to have recourse to were hampered by political, that is, by dynastic, considerations. 'Having returned to Chalons,' he tells us, 'I wished to lead the last army we had left to Paris, but there again political considerations obliged me to make the more imprudent but less strategical march upon Sedan.' It was, then, at such a moment, by the admission of the Emperor himself, that the regard for his dynasty weighed more in his mind than the interests of France. Such a declaration is really astounding. But the close of the letter is still more remarkable. 'I feel bound,' says the ex-Emperor, 'to give you these explanations because I desire to retain your esteem.' Thus, to preserve the esteem of General Burgoyne, Napoleon III. could find no better method than to confide to him the knowledge that he had engaged in a war without knowing whether he was prepared, and that at the moment of danger his first thought was the salvation of his dynasty. The absence of moral sense is evident in this, as is also a weakening of the brain. There are, too, many other things which cannot otherwise be explained, for instance, those incessant recriminations against men who, notwithstanding the official oath, have deserted the Bonapartist cause: recriminations singularly out of place in the mouth of the author of the *coup d'état* of December."

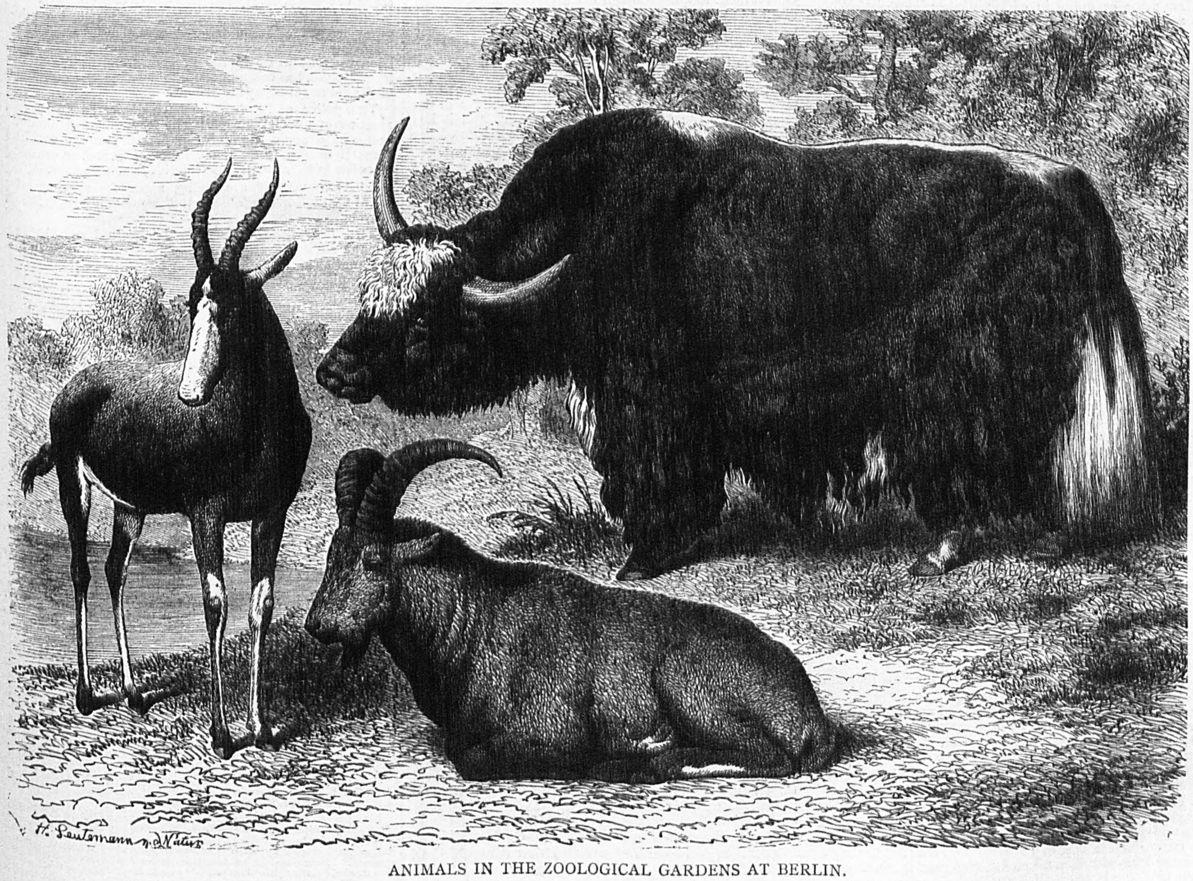
LAUNCH OF AN IRON-CLAD.—The iron armour-clad turret-ship *Gorgon*, built by Messrs. Palmer and Co., at Jarrow, for Her Majesty's Government, was launched from the yard of that firm on Saturday afternoon, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. The dimensions of the vessel are as follows:—Length between perpendiculars, 225 feet; length of keel for tonnage, 195 feet 8 inches; breadth extreme, and for tonnage, 45 feet; depth in hold, 16 feet 2 inches; burden, 2,107 tons. There two turrets, each constructed to carry two guns of 18 tons. The turrets are protected by an armour-plated breastwork, 8 inches and 9 inches thick, and extending 160 feet. The breastwork is raised 7 feet above the deck. Above the breastwork there is a flying deck for the working of the ship, made of light iron framework. The upper deck is formed of two thicknesses of ¾-inch plating, covered by teak planking 8 inches thick. The side of the ship is covered by two strakes of armour, the upper strake being 8 inches thick and the lower one 6 inches thick. Behind the armour of the ship's side there is a teaking of 9 inches and 11 inches, and immediately behind this are two thicknesses of ⅝ plating. The total weight of the armour of the ship is 860 tons. There will be two engines of 250-horse power, made by Ravenhill, Hodgson, and Co., London. The vessel will be twin-screwed, and the screw propellers are four-bladed. The internal arrangements are of the usual description.



THE BURNING OF CHICAGO.



NORWEGIAN FILIGREE JEWELLERY.


H. Leutemann n. d. Natur

ANIMALS IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS AT BERLIN.

HOME AND ABROAD.

DESPATCHES were received on Saturday at the Colonial Office from the Governors of the West African Settlements, Malta, and the Straits Settlements. Despatches were sent to the Governor-General of Canada and to the Governor of Malta.

THE Emperor Napoleon arrived at Plymouth, from Torquay, about noon on Saturday, accompanied by the Prince Imperial and Sir Laurence Palk, M.P. Having driven through some of the chief streets and upon the Hoe, where the carriages halted to give time for enjoying the view, the *cortége* drove to the Royal William Victualling-yard, and crossed in the Port Admiral's yacht to Mount-Edgcumbe, where the Emperor and Sir Laurence lunched with the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe, and returned to Torquay at six o'clock. Although every effort had been made to keep the visit private, considerable crowds assembled at various points, and the Emperor and the Prince acknowledged continuously the hearty cheers by which they were everywhere received.

LAST week the free public library at Derby was formally opened by the Mayor and Corporation. The institution embraces a lending and reference library, library of specifications of patents, reading-rooms and news-room, museum, &c. The number of books in the lending library alone exceeds 8,000 volumes. The total number of volumes is over 13,000. Mr. Bass, M.P., gave books amounting in money value to about £400. Alderman Barber gave £50 towards the purchase of books, and the Mayor of Derby £20. Mr. T. W. Evans has also generously given £500 towards a building fund.

THE deliveries of herrings have been somewhat smaller at Great Yarmouth. Prices have ruled low; fresh stuff has averaged £7 to £8 10s. per last. Up to the present time the deliveries at the Great Yarmouth fish wharf have exceeded the deliveries in the corresponding period of the season of 1870 by 1,900 lasts. A last, it will be remembered, contains 13,200 fish.

MR. VIRGO, librarian of the Bradford Church Literary Institute, has been selected, out of 183 candidates, as librarian of the Bradford Free Library.

THE *Sporting Gazette* hears that M. Charles Lefevre, the French gentleman who races under the assumed name of "Mr. T. Lombard," has just come into a fortune of over half a million sterling, left him by a cousin whom he never saw in his life. The gentleman in question died in America, whither he had emigrated many years since with the sum of £500, which M. Lefevre's father lent him when all his other relatives turned their backs upon him.

THE rural deanery of Oxford has been conferred upon the Rev. William West Jones, B.D., Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.

THE services of every officer in the army, according to the *Broad Arrow*, are now being traced out for the Royal Commissioners for the Abolition of Purchase. The Commissioners will proceed to ascertain the over-regulation price or purse in each regiment, as applications to sell come forward; and they will pay over the amounts of commission money, when agreed, to the retiring officers by warrants on the Paymaster-General. All applications to retire must, after the 1st proximo, in the first instance be addressed to the military secretary. It is at present impossible to state with certainty what will be the new regulations with regard to officers in Her Majesty's army. Proposed regulations have been drawn up, but they are altered from day to day. Something will have to be settled before the 1st of November.

THE death is announced of Sir Hugh Hill, who was for some years one of the puisne judges of the Court of Queen's Bench. He was the son of Mr. James Hill, of Craig, Cork, and was born in 1802. At the age of nineteen he took his B.A. degree in the University of Dublin, and from 1827 to 1841 he practised as a special pleader. In 1841 he was called to the bar by the Benchers of the Middle Temple, and in 1851 he was advanced to the rank of Queen's Counsel. In 1858 he became a judge of the Court of Queen's Bench; but resigned in 1861.

THE first synod representing the diocese of Salisbury is fixed to be held on Tuesday, Nov. 14, at Salisbury, Bishop Moberly presiding on the occasion.

THE bases of the contract between M. Halanzier, director of the Grand Opera-house in Paris, and the Minister of Fine Arts (says the *Athenæum*) provide for a reduced tax of 6 per cent. on the receipts, but with an increase of free orders for the Government Department. If the subvention should be restored hereafter to its original amount the tax will be again raised. The Committee of Dramatic Authors have received notice that the tax will be the same for all the other theatres. Various changes have been made in the orchestra; M. Bizet is *chef du chant*, in the place of M. Vauthrol. The number of names engaged in the new Opera-house is 727. The Conservatoire Concerts will be commenced on the 29th inst. The popular concerts of classical music, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup, will be resumed on the 22nd inst. at the Cirque National.

THE *Army and Navy Gazette* says it is intended to take advantage of early opportunities for providing for the large number of officers of the late Military Train, Royal Canadian Rifles, Cape Mounted Riflemen, and 3rd and 4th West India Regiments, reduced in 1869 and 1870, who are still drawing half-pay.

ABOUT midnight on Friday a fire of an extensive and destructive character broke out upon the premises of Mr. A. Priest, corn and hay merchant, of the Uxbridge-road, Ealing, by which property valued at upwards of £1,000 was destroyed, and a valuable hunter as well as a carthorse burnt to ashes.

THE Central Committee of the Northern Counties Idiot Asylum at Lancaster have just received an intimation that Mrs. Brooke, of Gateforth House, Selby, in order to carry out the wishes of her late husband, the Rev. Richard Brooke, has bequeathed to that institution the sum of £30,000, one half of which she is prepared to pay immediately.

LETTERS from Oporto give very bad accounts of the quality this year of the vintage. From the South of France the statements are equally unfavourable.

THE Metropolitan Free Bridge Association has just been formed, with the object of abolishing all tolls imposed upon traffic crossing bridges within the metropolitan area. Public opinion has caused the removal of tollgates on the highways; some bridges—such as Southwark and Kingston bridges—have been freed from toll, but Waterloo Bridge still blockades one of the chief thoroughfares of the metropolis, to say nothing of Hungerford, Lambeth, Vauxhall, Battersea, and Chelsea bridges.

THE *New Prussian* (*Cross*) *Gazette* states that neither in political nor Court circles is anything known of the alleged approaching visit to Berlin of the Emperor of Austria.

THE German Committee of Roumanian Bondholders have elaborated a plan of settling their difficulty. If the old concessionaires will consent to pay the interest due last January and July, the committee will undertake to reorganise the whole concern, form it into a company, and redeem the obligations by issuing shares, which are to yield five per cent. The Roumanian Government approves the project, which, however, can only be carried out if the concessionaires will pay down 4,500,000 thalers for the arrears of interest. Negotiations with the concessionaires are going on.

COUNT C. WACHTMEISTER, Swedish Minister for Foreign Affairs, was seized with a fit of apoplexy on Saturday night, and died on the spot.

THE revision of the Parliamentary list of voters for Liverpool has resulted in a net Conservative gain of 3,199. Up to Saturday night the total Conservative gain at Oldham was 616. The revision of the Parliamentary list of voters for Stalybridge resulted in a Conservative gain of 164. The revision of the municipal list concluded on Saturday, and resulted in a total Conservative gain on claims and objections of 342.

THERE was a meeting of Mr. Gladstone's supporters at Greenwich on Saturday to make arrangements for the right hon. gentleman's visit to his constituents. It was agreed to appoint a working committee of thirty-nine members—thirteen from each of the three towns of Greenwich, Woolwich, and Deptford—to arrange for the meeting, which is intended to be held in a large tent on Blackheath. The day for the meeting was suggested to be Saturday, the 28th instant.

A VERY important statement on the Church question was made in the Bavarian Chamber of Deputies on Saturday by the Minister of Public Worship. He said that the Government reserved to the State the right of modifying the ecclesiastical laws of the State if the Church changed its own principle on which the former connection existing between Church and State had rested. The Catholic Church had been altered by the doctrine of Infallibility, and the decisions of the council were dangerous to the State. He declared that the Government had determined to afford the fullest protection as based upon the laws of the country to all those Catholics belonging to the State who do not accept the dogma of Infallibility, and, so far as concerns their property, to protect them in all their honestly acquired rights and positions. The Government recognises the right of parents to bring up their children in what faith they please. The Old Catholic community will be regarded by the Government as Catholic, and it has decided to ward off all attacks upon the rights of the State by every constitutional means in its power.

ONE of the buildings in Her Majesty's Dockyard at Woolwich is about to be converted into an armoury and stores, and fitted up to receive 2,000 stand of arms.

A DREADFUL murder has just been committed in the district of Ampuis (Rhône). The bodies of a young woman, aged twenty-four, and of her illegitimate child, three years old, were found three days back in a well in the middle of a field. The corpse of the mother showed various stabs made with a knife, that of the child having also received several wounds caused by some sharp instrument. A man has been arrested on suspicion.

THE case of alleged embezzlement on the part of Robert M'Kinnon, the collector for a friendly society, was brought up again on Saturday at the Glasgow Central Police-court. Mr. Paterson, an accountant, who had examined the books on which the Fiscal founded the charge, was called. His evidence was to the effect that all the deficiencies were at once accounted for by adding the six weeks' payments which the collector retained on entering a new member. Other witnesses were examined in defence, and in the end the court found that the charge was not proved.

NEW YORK advices of the 3rd inst. state that criminal charges had been preferred against Mr. Hall, the mayor of the city, and that he had been cited to appear on the following day. Meanwhile, the *New York Times* had published further extraordinary disclosures from the payrolls of the corporation, showing the annual disbursement of enormous sums to "rum-sellers, gamblers, rowdies, and newspaper men, to whom the Ring find it convenient to pay salaries for doing nothing." In several cases the names of dead men have been retained. It is stated that upon a moderate computation over 600 persons have been paid yearly out of the city taxes without rendering a single hour's work in return, and that as many more have had exorbitant salaries for services for which they were incompetent. In short, "the support of the army of Ring hirelings, including retired rum-sellers, bar-room loafers, ex-convicts, gamblers, bruisers, and other bad characters, is believed to cost the city £250,000 a year." A Democratic Convention was about to be held at Rochester, in the interior of the State, and in order to uphold the interests of the Ring free passes on the Erie Railway were being distributed broadcast "among all the rowdies and loafers of New York."

THE *Indépendance Belge* states that Bismarck had given the order for the entry of another 100,000 men into France in case M. Thiers was not made President of the Republic some time ago.

HIS HIGHNESS MAHARAJAH RAO SIR PRAGMULJEE, G.C.S.I., of Kutch, has made a donation of 50,000 rupees (£5,000) to the East India Association, with the view to secure its permanent establishment in the interests of the natives of India; and the princes and chiefs of Kattyawar and Guzarat have expressed their intention to liberally aid the association.

A STATEMENT sent to the *Times* by Mr. G. P. Bidder of the result of his negotiations with the Norwegian Government in regard to the case of the preference shareholders of the Norwegian Trunk Railway embodies a painful example of public unscrupulousness in a country hitherto supposed to be distinguished for its honesty. Mr. Bidder narrates the efforts made to induce the Government to abstain for the future from appropriating to their own purposes the funds belonging to the shareholders.

AT Westminster on Saturday two cabmen were fined for extortion.

WITH regard to the late Fenian raid on the Canadian border, it is announced from New York that reinforcements from Fort Garry, consisting of 250 men, are to start in a few days. O'Donohue and other Fenian leaders are stated to have prompted the movement which was so quickly suppressed.

M. DE CHOISEUL will be replaced as French Minister in Italy by M. Ernest Picard. The appointment of M. Guizot to Athens is settled, but not M. Jules Ferry's appointment, the Government in this giving way before the vehement opposition of public opinion.

SMALL-POX has again made its appearance in the city of Waterford.

THE strike of goods porters at the Bolton station, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, has terminated by the company agreeing to give their old servants an advance of 1s. per week.

IN a letter respecting the present position of Germany and France, Mr. F. A. Maxse points out that any commanding heights upon which labour and skill are expended can be rendered as impregnable as those of Metz, though they may not enclose so rich, so patriotic, and so beautiful a town. Nature, he says, has lavished heights in this part of France. There is no reason why Conflans, Nancy, Toul, or Luneville—towns and villages which remain with France—should not be made just as formidable as Metz. Toul, he thinks, might be made a Gibraltar. Its natural capacities for fortification far surpass those of Strasbourg, which with the present range of artillery finds itself in a singularly disadvantageous position. He believes that Germany has seized Alsace and Lorraine for two reasons: first, to inflict a permanent humiliation upon France, and thus satisfy the national hunger for revenge; and secondly, to satisfy her cupidity, for Metz is a very valuable and beautiful city.

THE sanitary condition of Paris is excellent. 690 deaths were registered during the week ending Saturday. Among these, twenty-nine were cases of diarrhœa, nineteen of dysentery, five of infantile cholera, twenty-seven of typhoid fever, and forty-seven of bronchitis.

THE Austrian Minister of War has received a telegram from the Commander-in-Chief at Agram, announcing that sixty-three insurgents and 194 rifles have been brought in up to the present time, and that an investigation has commenced into the causes and objects of the insurrectionary movement.

THE police of St. Etienne have dispersed an illegal meeting of a society called "The Republican Alliance," and seized some important papers. The prefect has ordered search to be made in St. Etienne, in order to discover further particulars relative to this society.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for opening the Mont Cenis Railway Tunnel to the public on the 16th of November.

THE *Indépendance Belge* publishes a despatch from Vienna stating that Count Beust intends to give in his resignation if the essence of the demands of the Czechs is complied with. The Emperor's decision is not yet known.

IT is officially announced that the annual inspection of the Inns of Court Volunteers will take place in Richmond Park at two o'clock on the 28th of November.

ADVICES by the last Indian mail report that the floods in Eastern Bengal cover at least six thousand square miles, the population being for the most part collected in boats and on the embankments of the railways.

IT is rumoured that the ex-Emperor Napoleon has requested his American banker to select him a suitable residence in that country, and that an agent has just left for this country with photographs of eligible estates which may be purchased.

OAKEY'S WELLINGTON KNIFE POLISH.—Old knives cleaned constantly with this preparation bear a brilliancy of polish equal to new cutlery. Can be used with any kind of knife-board or knife-cleaning machine. Retail packets 3d. each, and tins 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. each. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London.

SILVER, ELECTRO PLATE, &C., TO CLEAN AND PRESERVE.—*Oakey's Non-Mercurial Silversmith's Soap* is guaranteed to be free from mercury or any other injurious ingredients too often used in the manufacture of plate powder. Tablets 6d. each, by all grocers, ironmongers, brushmakers, chemists, &c. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London. [309

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and, he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges.* Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 64. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslin, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring or summer wear. [361

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley.

MR. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. [448

NOTICE.—At the conclusion of the Contracts for Illustrated Advertisements now in course of fulfilment, no other Block Advertisements will be published in this Journal.

CLERGY MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established in 1829.
Office—No. 2, BROAD SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER.

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The Archbishop of Canterbury.
The Archbishop of Dublin.
The Bishop Sumner.
The Archdeacon of Maidstone.
Chairman—The Archdeacon of Westminster.
Deputy-Chairman—Robert Few, Esq.
Consulting Actuary—Samuel Brown, Esq.
Actuary—Stewart Helder, Esq.
Physician—Dr. Stone, 13, Vigo Street.
Secretary—Matthew Hodgson, Esq.

	£	s.	d.
Total existing assurances	£4,912,205	0	0
Total annual income	198,314	2	6
Total funds	1,891,915	12	7
Bonus allotted to members at the eighth quinquennial division of profits	280,000	0	0
Bonus reserve fund	45,453	15	5

No agents employed, and no commission paid.

For the year ended 31st May, 1871, 426 proposals, assuring £353,345, and yielding in annual premiums £11,728 4s., were completed; and, notwithstanding the large reductions in the premiums made by bonus in every fifth year from 1831 to 1866, both inclusive, the fund accumulating for the purpose of meeting future claims was, after payment of all outgoings, increased in the year by £106,674 9s. 9d.

The Forty-Second Annual Report, forms of proposal, and the accounts prepared pursuant to the "Life Assurance Companies Act, 1870," may be had on application at the office personally, or by letter.

Clergymen and their wives, and the relations of clergymen and their wives, are invited to make life assurances in this Society.

THE SCHOOL for the INDIGENT BLIND, St. George's Fields. Instituted 1799.

Incorporated 1826.
Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
President.
His Grace the Lord Archbishop of CANTERBURY.
Vice-Presidents.
The Right Rev. Samuel, Lord Bishop of WINCHESTER.
The Right Honourable the Lord TEIGNMOUTH.
ROBERT S. HOLFORD, Esq.
Treasurer.
SAML. RICHARD BOSANQUET, Esq.
Bankers.
Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., 73, Lombard Street.

The Committee have for many years felt the want of an Asylum, in connection with this School, for the reception and maintenance of those who, after completing their pupilage, may be destitute of a home, or of parental support, or aged, or infirm, but still able and willing (so long as age and infirmity will permit) to continue their industrial, and, to some degree, productive work.

When the Committee applied to Parliament for an Act to enable them to remove the School into the country, for the sake of a healthier atmosphere and a larger space, for extending the usefulness of the Charity, they asked for and obtained the power to add an Asylum for the reception and maintenance of Adult Blind Persons.

Parliament annexed to the power the condition that the cost of any buildings to be erected for the purpose, as well as the expense of and incident to the management and maintenance of such persons, be defrayed out of any funds which may be specially given or subscribed for that object, and not out of the ordinary funds of the Corporation.

Therefore the Committee have no fund whatsoever applicable to this desirable object; and the addition of an Asylum must depend, for its erection and maintenance, upon the approval and support of the friends of the Blind.

The power conferred by the Act of Parliament has not limited the benefit of an Asylum to those blind persons who have been connected with the School. It embraces the Blind in general, among whom there are many more aged, more destitute, more infirm, and in so far as they have not experienced and cannot experience the benefits of the School, are more necessitous.

It was to prepare for this charitable work that the Committee obtained the requisite legal power to add an Asylum to their intended new Schools (on any land to be purchased for such Schools).

And now, having contracted for the purchase of the land, they make this APPEAL to the public for means to enable them to perform that charitable work.

The extent of the Asylum addition must necessarily be proportionate to the fund to be subscribed, but the Committee are hopeful that the response to their appeal will enable them to initiate a building sufficient to contain about fifty inmates (more or less, exclusive of attendants), and they will endeavour to make their designs capable of co-extension with future increased means and requirements.

The Committee feel that the object of this Appeal constitutes its sufficient recommendation.

The persons to be benefited are the blind (the homeless, the aged, and the indigent blind), those who are incapable of earning a livelihood.

The power to benefit them is in that large-hearted English sympathy which is so ready at all times, and under all circumstances, to help and soften the afflictions of humanity, the exercise of which has for more than half a century so eminently characterised the support of the School for the Indigent Blind.

The Committee have contracted for the purchase of twelve acres of land at the Caterham Junction of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway (fronting the line) for the site of the intended new Schools, and the addition thereto (if funds can be obtained) of an Asylum.

Proximity to the metropolis, facility of intercourse, and healthful conditions, induce the belief that the site will prove to be a very eligible selection.

Donations are therefore solicited, and will be received by Messrs. Bosanquet & Co., 73, Lombard Street, E.C.; by Mr. Grueber, 5, Billiter Street, E.C.; and by the Chaplain, the Rev. B. G. Johns, at the School.

All Cheques and Post Office Orders are requested to be crossed "Bosanquet & Co.," the Blind School Asylum Fund.

THOS. GRUEBER,
Secretary and Solicitor to the Corporation.
5, Billiter Street, E.C., August 25, 1871.

THE BLOOD PURIFIER.

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

This extraordinary medicine has a singular influence over the blood, which it enriches and purifies. It removes all pimples and blotches, purifies the system, and acts like a charm. As a sustaining and purifying tonic it is invaluable, and highly recommended in long-standing cases of indigestion, nervousness, coughs, scrofula, gout, dropsy, and wasting of flesh. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—Get the red and blue wrapper, with the Doctor's head in the centre. No other genuine. In bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., and 11s.

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Are the most popular medicine known for all bilious affections, liver and stomach complaints, and indigestion, as proved by thousands.

ALSO SARSAPARILLA OINTMENT,
The best soother of all sores, burns, and scalds; each in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 15, 30, and 60 stamps. [283

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LONDON OFFICE: 8, Moorgate Street, E.C.
Chairman—ALEXANDER CRUM, Esq., of Thornliebank.

ABSTRACT FROM REPORTS OF 1870 AND 1871, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

1870.				1871.		
£36,165	8	10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139	2	0
27,554	3	4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243	16	10
13,111	11	1	Losses	22,766	17	7
7,555	10	6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336	11	2
17,067	10	4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869	14	2
68,492	10	4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294	14	2

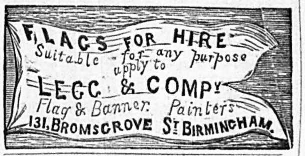
APPLICATION FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

FRED. J. HALLOWS, *Manager*.
May, 1871. [370

WILLCOX AND GIBBS' SILENT SEWING MACHINE.

TRIAL
BEFORE
PURCHASE

MACHINES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
Machines on Hire.
T. S. TONGUE,
Sole Agent,
3, BULL STREET,
BIRMINGHAM [426



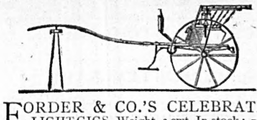
MR. J. SWINSON,

DENTIST,
SOLIHULL.
Attendance daily. Hours, from 10 till 6. [80

FINE Flavoured Strong BEEF TEA,

at about 2½d. a pint. Ask for LIEBIG COMPANY's EXTRACT of MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.

Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c. [234



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JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Dealers throughout the World. [218

MR. ESKELL, of 8, Grosvenor Street,

the Author of "Pure Dentistry, and What it Does for Us," "Painless Tooth Extraction; or, Anæsthesia Locally Applied," "Dental Surgery; a Practical Treatise," "Modern Dentistry; its Principles and Practice," &c., may be CONSULTED DAILY, as hitherto, from ten to four o'clock, at his residence, 8, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square (a few doors from Bond-street).

N.B.—The above works may be obtained of SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, of all Booksellers; or of the Author, post free for 7 stamps each. [231

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BIRMINGHAM.

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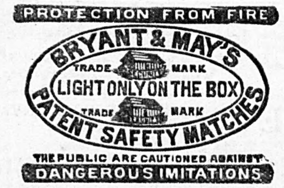
Wholesale and Retail. [269



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Largest variety in the world from 6d. the gross. [138

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Gentleman, many years tormented with Corns, will be happy to afford others the information by which he obtained their COMPLETE REMOVAL in a short period, without pain or any inconvenience.—Forward address, on a stamped envelope, to F. KINGSTON, Esq., Church Street, Ware, Herts. [238

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Liverpool. [797

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WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary. [223

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Autumn, 1871.

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